



THE DRAMA ;

OR,

Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

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VOL. VII.

MISS GRADDON.

"There's much music, and excellent voice, in this little organ."
HAMLET.

THE memoirs of performers, and most other public characters, (as we have before often observed) when written by good-natured friends, are commonly so overloaded with encomiums on their merits, whether real or imaginary, that they not only often defeat the purpose for which they were designed, but in the opinion of the judicious reader, gain the subjects of them a reputation for *vanity*, (as they are often supposed to be themselves the authors) which *may* not properly belong to them. Those readers who have followed us in the progress of our work will, we trust, give us due credit for our endeavours to cast off the stigma which has usually (and perhaps not without just reason), been thrown upon all biographical sketches of the members of the histrionic profession; for although we are often reduced to the necessity of resorting for information to the friends and relations of the party noticed, yet we always endeavour by our own individual exertions to arrive at the truth of every circumstance we relate; and however we may be indebted to them for their information, our strictures are always told in the honest language of truth unbiassed by favoritism—"Open to all parties, influenced by none,"

has always been our motto, and our readers must, from their perusal both of our biographical notes and critical observations, have observed this, and will, we doubt not, give us their commendation for our laudable exertions. We detest egotism ; but we conceive we should not be acting with due justice to ourselves, did we not add, that, should our gleanings prove scanty, they may always be relied on ; for, unlike most of our contemporaries, we never attempt to hide their defects, by any attempt to introduce fictitious narratives in order to fill up the void.

The few notes we have been able to collect respecting Miss GRADDON are correct as to date and circumstance—and although her life presents no particular incidents to gratify the general reader, yet the authenticity of the little here related can be vouched for.

Miss G. is a native of Bishops Lydard, near Taunton, in the county of Somerset, at which place she was born, on the 21st September, in the year 1806. At an early age she evinced uncommon musical talents, and she made a considerable proficiency under the tuition of that excellent musician Mr. T. COOKE. From his instructions, aided by the quick perception of youthful genius, she rapidly acquired those refined graces of the musical art, combined with great science and brilliancy of execution, which constitute a first-rate singer. The improvement she evinced, and the delight and admiration which was expressed by all her acquaintance ; caused her engagement for the Dublin Theatre, under the management of Mr. Harris, at which place she became a great favorite. She made her appearance on the 23rd October, 1823, in the character of *Rosetta*—and continued to perform for nine months successively with unabated attraction. From Dublin she was engaged to perform at Liverpool for a few nights, but her reception so far exceeded the expectations of the management of that concern, that a proposal was made to her for the season, which she ultimately accepted—performing both at that town and Manchester with great applause. While at the latter place, her fame had so increased that Mr. ELLISTON made her an offer of an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. That theatre might be said to receive a valuable acquisition in this young lady, particularly in the

vocal department. She made her appearance before a London audience on the 23rd October, 1824, in the character of *Susanna*, in the "*Marriage of Figaro*." Her performance has already been noticed at page 47 of the present volume. Her songs were given with great spirit and brilliancy, and although the novelty of her situation somewhat disconcerted her, it is but justice to mention that the audience of that evening displayed the greatest liberality of feeling added to a generous encouragement of rising merit; and, indeed, for which, we take pride in saying a metropolitan audience is never backward in bestowing.

The countenance of Miss G. is handsome and expressive—she possesses a fine clear voice joined to great science and execution. In chaste and simple melody she surpasses most of her contemporaries. Her intonation combines the accuracy of the most correct science and the utmost simplicity of exertion with the most delightful brilliancy of effect. Without a superabundance of ornament, she threads the mazes of the most difficult passages with admirable dexterity, and is not only particular in conveying the *notes* of her songs to the ears of her auditors, but also the *words*, which other stage vocalists generally render inaudible. It may be truly said that no female vocalist has gained more reputation or played with more success in so short a space of time; and when it is considered that Miss GRADDON came before the public eye of the metropolis having previously played so little, and at such an early period of her life, he must be a fastidious critic indeed, who can withhold his tribute of admiration. We have the satisfaction of saying, that she has not only become a favorite with the musical amateur, but by her discrimination of character and sweetness of voice with the discerning part of the play-going public.

Her private character has ensured her the high esteem and affection of all her acquaintance, her conduct is regulated by the strictest rules of prudence, and her highest ambition is to preserve her character unblemished.

"Not only shunning, by her *act*, to do
Aught that is ill, but the *suspicion* too."

BEN JONSON.

ON THE NON-APPEARANCE OF
THE GHOST OF DUNCAN,
IN THE BANQUET SCENE OF MACBETH.

In the late representations of this play at one of the great theatres in the capital, *Macbeth* is seen "to start and tremble at the vacant chair," according to the conception of Mr. LLOYD, in his poem called "*The Actor*." It would be deemed only a waste of criticism to combat an opinion so defenceless, which presumes that *Macbeth's* agitations are merely the result of phrensy; whereas, there can be hardly a serious doubt that the poet designed the real introduction of the spectre; and the superstition wherever it prevailed, has been, that though the ghost was sometimes invisible to all, except the special object of its visitation, yet, it was really, and *bonâ fide*, present. What I am going to advance will not obtain quite so ready an assent, though I am almost as firmly persuaded of its propriety.

I think two ghosts are seen, *Duncan's* first, and afterwards, that of *Banquo*; for what new terror, or what augmented perturbation is to be produced by the re-appearance of the same object in the same scene? Or, if but one dread monitor could gain access to this imperial malefactor, which had the superior claim, or who was the more likely to harrow the remorseless bosom of *Macbeth*? "the gracious *Duncan*," he who had "borne his faculties so meek," had been "so clear in his great office," and in "the deep damnation of whose taking off," not only friendship, kindred, and allegiance, but sacred hospitality, had been profaned—or *Banquo*, his mere "partner" of whom it only could be said that he was "brave" and to be "feared," that wisdom guided his valour, and that under him the genius of *Macbeth* sustained rebuke? Which, I demand of these two sacrifices to his "vaulting ambition" was the more likely at the regal banquet, to break in upon, and confound the usurper? Besides this obvious general

claim to precedence, exhibited by *Duncan*, how else can we apply these lines?

"If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites!"

For they will not suit with *Banquo*, who had no grave or charnel house assigned to him, (having been left in a ditch to find a monument in the maws of kites;) but must refer to *Duncan*, who, we may naturally suppose, received the formal ostentatious rites of sepulchre. I do not overlook the words—

"Thou canst not say I did it," &c.

which may be urged against my argument, but if this sentence will stand in the case of *Banquo*, as the subterfuge of one who had, by deputy, and not in person, done the murder, it surely will accord with the casuistry of him, who knows he struck a *sleeping* victim; and this, with the pains that had been taken to fix the murder on the grooms, may sufficiently defend the application of the remark to the royal spectre. Besides, to whom, except *Duncan*, can these words refer? "If I stand here I saw him."

The ghost being gone, and *Macbeth* "a man again," he reasons like a man, and gives this answer to his wife, who had reproached him with being "unmann'd in folly;" but if *Banquo* were the object alluded to in this declaration, it must be unintelligible to the lady, who had not yet heard of *Banquo's* murder. The ghost of *Duncan* having performed his office, and departed, *Macbeth* is at leisure to ruminate on the prodigy; and he naturally reflects, that if the grave can thus cast up the form of buried *Duncan*, *Banquo* may likewise rise again, regardless of "trenched gashes and twenty mortal murders on his crown." The lady interrupts this reverie, and he proceeds to "mingle with society;" and when, insidiously, with the raised goblet in his hand, he invokes the health of his friend, whose life he had destroyed, just at this moment his friend's ghost confronts him. All this indeed is only conjecture, but conjecture

I trust, on the ground of strong probability ; a basis that, in the estimation of those who are best acquainted with the subject, will, I doubt not, be deemed at least as secure as the authority of Messrs. HEMINGE and CONDELL, which unhappily is the only plot we have yet had to build on.—*Seymour's Remarks, &c.*

I. W. C.

ON ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

(*Concluded from page 126.*)

The theatre, on which the mysteries were represented, was always composed of an elevated scaffold, divided into three parts ; heaven, hell, and the earth between them. It was in this central portion that Jerusalem was sometimes represented, or occasionally the native country of some saint or patriarch, whether angels descended or devils ascended, as their interference in mundane affairs was called for. In the higher and the lower parts of the theatre, the proceedings of the *Deity* and *Lucifer* might be discerned. The pomp of these representations continued, increasing for the space of two centuries ; and, as great value was set on the length of the piece, some mysteries could not be represented in less than forty days.

The *Clercs de la Bazoche*, or Clerks of the Revels, who were an incorporated society at Paris, and whose duty it was to regulate the public festivities, at length resolved to amuse the people with some dramatic representations themselves. But the fraternity of the Passion had obtained, in 1402, a royal licence to represent mysteries, the clerks were compelled to abstain from that kind of exhibition, and they, therefore, invented a new one, which differed in name, rather in substance, from the former. These were the Moralities, which were also borrowed from the historical parts, or the

parables of the Bible, as that of the *Prodigal Son*. Sometimes they were purely allegorical compositions, in which God and the Devil were introduced, accompanied by the virtues or vices. In a morality entitled "*Le bien avisé et le mal avisé*," almost forty allegorical characters appear, and, amongst others, the different tenses of the verb to reign—as *regno*, *regnavi*, and *reguabo*. In the course of this work, we shall have occasion to notice, in speaking of the Spanish drama, even during the times of LOPE DE VEGA and CALDERA, the *Autos Sacramentalé*, which were allegorical pieces, evidently of the same nature as the ancient Moralities.

It is to the Clerks de la Bazoche, likewise, that we owe the invention of comedy. Whilst the fraternity of the Passion conceived themselves bound only to present edifying pieces to the public, the Clerks de la Bazoche, who did not consider themselves as ecclesiastics, mingled with their moralities farces, of which the sole object was to excite the laughter of the spectators. All the gaiety and vivacity of the French character was displayed, in the ludicrous representations of such real adventures as had been perhaps the conversation of the town. The versification was managed with great address, and one of these farces, the "*Avocat Pathelin*," which was represented for the first time in 1480, and has been attributed to an ecclesiastic of the name of PIERRE BLANCHET DE POITIERS, may still be considered as a model of French gaiety and comic powers. It was translated into Latin, in 1512, by ALEXANDER CONNIBERT, and was imitated by the famous REUCHEIN. BRENYs re-modelled it, and it was again brought forward in 1706, and is represented to the present day.

In the reign of CHARLES VI., likewise, and at the commencement of the fifteenth century, a third comic company was established; the *Enfans sans souci*, who, under the command of the chief, *le Prince des sots*, undertook to make the French laugh at their own follies, and introduced personal, and even political satire upon the stage.

Thus, every species of dramatic representation was

revived by the French. This was the result of that talent for imitation, which seems peculiar to the French people, assisted by a pliancy of thought, which enables them to conceive new characters, and a correctness of intellect, which always carries them directly to the object at which they aim, or to the effect which they wish to produce. All these discoveries, which led in other countries to the establishment of the romantic drama, were known in France more than a century before the rise of the Spanish or Italian Theatre, or even before the classical authors were first studied and imitated.

The glory of ARIOSTO is attached to his "*Orlando Furioso*;" but this is not his only work which remains to us. He wrote five comedies of five acts each, and in verse, which are not now performed, and are scarcely read, since they no longer accord with the manners of the present day. Of these five, the two first were originally written in prose, in his early youth. ARIOSTO proposed to himself PLAUTUS and TERENCE, as models; and as they had copied the Greek drama, so he imitated the Latin. We find in his pieces, all the characters of the Roman comedy: the slaves, parasites, nurses, and female adventurers. The scene of the first, "*La Casaria*," is laid at Mitylene, in an island of Greece, where the poet might suppose the manners to be such as would harmonize with his fable. But the second, "*I Suppositi*," is laid at Ferrara, and the plot is artfully connected with the taking of Otranto by the Turks, on the 21st of August, 1480; which gives a date to the action, and a locality to the scene. Nor can we avoid remarking the singular contrast between ancient manners and a modern subject. Still, the plot of the comedy is novel and engaging; and there is an interest and even a sensibility in the part of the father. There is too, sometimes a gaiety, though rather forced than natural. The wit is rather Italian than Roman. The pleasantries of the slaves and parasites of ARIOSTO recall to mind too strongly the same personages in PLAUTUS and TERENCE, and erudition often usurps the place of humour. The scene, after the manner of the Latin

comedies, is laid in the street before the house of the principal personage. It never varies; and the unity of time is as rigorously observed as that of place; but, as on the Roman stage, the action is more related than seen. The author seems afraid of placing before the eyes of the spectators, situations of passion, and the language of the heart. In one piece, in which love and paternal affection are the two leading subjects, there is not a single scene between the lover and his mistress, nor between the father and son; and the incident that produces the catastrophe, passes in the interior of the house, at a distance from the eyes of the audience. Every thing in these pieces reminds us of the Roman theatres. They are ingenuously, though coldly, wrought. Every thing is imitated, even to the bad taste of the pleasantries, which are not sallies of wit, as with our modern harlequins, but coarse classical jokes. We may observe in the comedies of ARIOSTO, a powerful talent, corrupted by servile imitations; and in perusing them, we perceive the reason why the Italians, relying always on the ancient models, and never consulting their native genius, were so late in excelling in the dramatic art. "*La Calandra*," of BERNARD DOVIZIO, afterwards Cardinal BIBBENA, who disputes with ARIOSTO the merit of introducing Italian comedy, has all the same defects, and the same classical imitations, with more vulgarity, and less wit. The subject is that of the *Menechini*, so often produced at the theatres; but, in "*La Calandra*," the twins, who are confounded with one another, are a brother and sister.

ARIOSTO was the first to perceive, that the Italian language did not possess a versification adapted for comedy. Like DOVIZIO, he wrote his two first pieces in prose; and, at the end of twenty years, turned them into *versi sdrucchioli*, for the theatre at Ferrara.

The *versi sdrucchioli* are formed of twelve syllables. The accent is laid on the antepenultimate, and the two last are not accented. But these pretended verses are not rhymed, and so many breaks are permitted, that a word is often divided, as in the word *continua-mente*, so that the four first syllables terminate the first verse,

whilst the two following commence the second verse. They are, in short, devoid of all harmony and poetic charm, and their monotony renders the reading of these comedies tedious.

A VISIT TO THE BATAVIAN THEATRE.

THE house was commodious, airy, and well lighted by reed-wicks floating in cocoa-oil, which cast a warm glow over the panting Dutch beauties in the boxes. There is but a single tier, which stretches semi-circularly from the proscenium to within a short distance of the opposite wall. The lounge is in the vacant space behind the boxes. They resemble sheep-pens more than any other inclosure, and are solely appropriated to the fair sex. Gentlemen tenant the pit, and roll lazily round the lounge, staring at the women, who are exposed to view on all sides, the backs and fronts of their pews being extremely low, for the benefit of the air, which gushes in warm streams through the windows. These reach from floor to ceiling, and immense Venetian blinds serve instead of glass. The curtain, after an excellent overture, at length rose; and the "*Stranger*" was played in Dutch by military amateurs; the character of *Mrs. Hal-ler* being ably sustained by a fine athletic officer of the dragoons. His whiskers and mustachios were certainly some drawback on the illusion of the scene; but these were not so much noticed and carped at as the uniform of another gentleman, who walked on the stage from the evening parade to perpetrate one of the bores in the piece. The *Stranger* himself,—the sensitive misanthrope,—at the opening of the scene before the cottage, was discovered smoking his pipe! With great humility and deference an English visitor suggested that this was not altogether as it should be. "Perfectly in character," replied the gentleman to whom he addressed himself; "Perfectly in character," repeated he, with a slight shrug of astonishment and contempt.

We vouch for the authenticity of this dramatic tid-bit, and moreover take leave to add, that the *Stranger* had not merely a pipe stuck in his mouth, whose bowl was innocent of tobacco, such as the squeamish MUNDEN used in *Crack*, but actually puffed out a cloud of dense smoke between each sentence. The effect must have been fine!

From The Cigar, Vol. 2.

THE GHOST IN MACBETH.

MR. DRAMA,

In a former number of your Magazine, a correspondent has made some pertinent remarks respecting the appearance of the Ghost in SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of "*Macbeth*," as it is at present represented at our national theatres, and has also given some hints towards an improvement in the future personification of that character.

Every one who has witnessed the performance of this tragedy must have remarked the great want of improvement required in this particular character. I perfectly agree with your correspondent, that the end for which *Duncan's* ghost is brought forward, namely, to excite a feeling of awe in the breasts of the audience, is entirely perverted: the reverse I firmly believe is the most usual effect of his appearance, and I am perfectly convinced that in nine instances out of ten, it produces what is little calculated upon by the managers, I mean—an *excitement of the risible muscles*. I should recommend that Mr. T. P. COOKE in future personify the *Ghost* in the stead of Messrs. POPE and EGERTON, although it appears to me that neither Mr. T. P. COOKE, or any other performer (however skilful he may be in this line of acting,) would be able to "fret his hour upon the stage" during the banquet scene, without once opening his mouth, and at the same time relieve the audience

from the coldness and uneasiness which they may be supposed to feel on seeing *Banquo* (to all appearance) take his seat at the table among the rest of the company, when presently afterwards we are told "a place is reserved," but which to our amazement we find is occupied by a lump of "solid flesh" and blood. It is not every person who frequents the theatres to witness the representation of SHAKSPEARE'S Plays, that has read them. Now on beholding the entrance of the (manager's) *Ghost*, would not such an one immediately conclude, that *Banquo* by the art of medicine or magic, had been restored to life? *Macbeth*, it is true, after the lapse of some minutes, convinces us of our error; and we are then under the disagreeable and vexatious necessity of supposing the visual organs of the company assembled upon the stage to be composed of materials differing from those of our own.

It appears quite conclusive to my mind, Mr. DRAMA, that there is but *one way* to remove these inconveniences, and that is, by *removing* the *Ghost* entirely out of the scene. It is very well known that the ghost of *Banquo* is not supposed to be visible to any of the company except *Macbeth*. It reveals nothing—Why then is its actual appearance requisite? Can any thing be more sublime or more awfully impressive than to behold *Macbeth* contending with an invisible being? A chilling horror seems to pervade our senses, and we at the same time are enabled to observe, without confusing objects, the consternation of the guests. I admit that the *Ghost* may be exhibited to much greater advantage than we usually see it. It might, as your correspondent observes, be "decked in pure white robes," which, no doubt, was the intention of our great dramatic bard, by his putting these words into the mouth of *Macbeth*, "Avaunt, thou shadow." But were this alteration, or improvement to be carried into effect, I question very much whether the "radical defect" would be remedied; I query whether even the appearance of a white ghost with red locks in this scene would command a proper feeling of respect. By way of conclusion, I would just remark that were

the managers to devote as much attention to SHAKS-PEARE'S spirits as they do to the "airy *nothings*" of the German drama, they would reflect more credit on themselves, and afford more amusement to the audience.

Charing Cross,
Dec. 1824.

I am, Yours, &c.

PERCIVAL, SEN.

DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

No. XIII.

1.—*The Wolf Club.*

According to Vol. 3, page 167 of the **DRAMA**, I certainly am in error with regard to the origin of the above club, but whatever the intention of the projectors might be, it certainly has been used as a medium to throw into obscurity the abilities of several performers, as, for instance, **MEGGOTT, EDWARDS, COBHAM, &c.** Now I happened to be present at the first performance of **COBHAM** at Covent Garden Theatre, where I heard the repeated cry of, "Turn out the *Wolves*," and to such a pitch was the opposition carried that he had not the least chance of success. As a society the *Wolves* have ceased to exist for years. They were attacked by the public during the disturbances about **Mr. BOOTH**, and charged with being an organized body for the special "thick and thin" support of **Mr. KEAN** against all other actors; their conduct ultimately justified the public charges and indignation. **Mr. KEAN** was the "*Captain*;" he had "*Lieutenants*" and other "*Officers*" under him. They had an uniform—blue coat, gilt buttons, with a *Wolf's Head* on each, and they first assembled at the "O. P. and P. S." which changed its sign to that of the *Kean's Head*! which it still retains. The society was removed in process of time to the Griffin, then to the Coal Hole, where it was dissolved, **Mr. KEAN** announcing that such

dissolution was in deference to public opinion. The *Wolves* never afterwards met in any organized form.

W. S. P.

2.—*Madame* LINGUET

Was an actress of the Italian Theatre in Paris; her husband, who was cashier to the treasury, employed a party to hiss every actress but *Madame* LINGUET, and to applaud her to the skies: this went on famously for some time, till the secret was found out by a sad mistake. LINGUET, in his instructions to the men, said, "To-morrow night you must hiss the first actress who appears, and applaud the second—now mind you make no mistake; hiss the first and applaud the second." They obeyed; but unfortunately for *Madame* LINGUET, the play was changed; and in the new piece she appeared first, when she was completely hissed, to the great amazement of all the audience. *Monsieur* LINGUET, to be revenged, ran off with all the money of the theatre in his hands, and took refuge in the Temple, then an asylum where a person could not be arrested.

3.—One night, during *SINCLAIR*'s performance in Edinburgh, a curious incident occurred:—After the crowd of coaches at the box door had diminished, and left the portal clear, an old woman from the causeway-side, dressed in a clean mutch, a red cloak, and white apron, after the fashion of poor Scottish women on gala occasions, moved slowly and decently up to the box-keeper, whom it appears she took for an elder "herd in the penny," and thus addressed him—"Oh, Sir, is there ane *JOHN SINCLAIR* sings here?" "Ay, ay," quoth *Cerberus*.—"Aweel, aweel, I'm glad I've fund him at last, after sic a lang tramp. But, Sir, where's your brode? I dinna see't here, and troth I maun put in a bawbee or a penny, for auld acquaintance-sake wi' *JOHN*; for ye see, Sir, I kend *JOHN* langsyne, when he was just a bit callant, rinnin' skirlin' about the doers amang

our ain bairns! Deed, Sir, I was at JOHN's kirsinning!" So saying, she rummaged the "gulph profound" of a pouch hung by her side, which resembled in shape and size Mr. HUNTER's violoncello, and was about to affront the box-keeper with the offer of a doucer, when that worthy gruffly told her to be gone about her business, and directed a police-officer to turn her out of doors. The poor woman of course exclaimed loudly against this treatment, and said something about seeing "JOHN himself;" but the harsh order was rigorously enforced. However, a gentleman, who was then entering the theatre, and heard the whole proceeding, interested himself in her cause, and though he could not in etiquette introduce her to the boxes, generously made her happy by a ticket to the lower gallery.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

4.—*Effects of the South Sea Bubble.*

GAY (author of "The Beggar's Opera") in that disastrous year had a present of some South Sea Stock from young CRAGGS, and once supposed himself to be master of £20,000. His friends advised him to sell his share; but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to abstract his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase him a hundred a year for life, "which," said FENTON, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected. The profit and principal were lost, and GAY sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger.

5.—*Madame RONZI DE BEGNIS.*

The following distich, from the pen of a well known Anglo-Italian scholar, was written under the portrait lately published of the above lady:—

La vedi o l'ode, eguale e il tuo periglio,
Ti vince il canto, e li rapisce il ciglio.

TRANSLATION.

Hearing or seeing, equal fate we brave;
Her voice enchants us, and her eyes enslave.

6.—GARRICK's *Liberality.*

In a former communication I gave an article on the parsimoniousness of the British Roscius, and in opposition to it, I now give an instance of his generosity, which I have lately met with.—GARRICK was very intimate with an eminent surgeon, who died several years since, a very amiable man, who often dined and supped with Mr. and Mrs. GARRICK. One day, after dinner, the gentleman declared, that without the assistance of a friend, who would lend him a thousand pounds he should be at a loss what to do. "A thousand pounds!" said Mr. GARRICK, "that's a large sum. Well now, pray what security can you give for that money." "Upon my word," replied the surgeon, "no other than my own." "Here's a pretty fellow," said Roscius, turning to Mrs. GARRICK, "he wants to borrow a thousand pounds upon his personal security. Well come, I'll tell you one thing for your comfort; I think I know a man that will lend you a thousand pounds." He immediately drew upon his banker for that sum, and gave the draft to his friend. Mr. GARRICK never asked for, or received a shilling of it.

7.—The actual receipt on the first night of Miss FOOTE's re-appearance at Covent Garden Theatre was £900 16s. 0d., the largest sum ever remembered to have been received.

8.—Mrs. GARRICK.

Her "ruling passion" was to consider all dramatic efforts as trifling when compared with GARRICK. He was indeed the "God of her Idolatry;" the play of "*Hamlet*" was, it is reported, by the express order of his widow thrown into his grave. GARRICK planted two willows on his lawn at Hampton, rendered sacred by the temple appropriated to SHAKSPEARE; and in the midst of a violent storm, which proved fatal to one of them, Mrs. GARRICK was seen running about the grounds in

the wildest disorder, exclaiming, "Oh! my GARRICK! my GARRICK!"

This venerable lady, it is said, visited Westminster Abbey a short time previous to her death, and, addressing the clergyman who attended her, she said, "I suppose there is not room enough for me to be laid by the side of my dear DAVID." The clergyman assured her that there would be room enough. She then said, "I wish to know, not that I think I am likely soon to require it, for I am yet a *mere girl*, but only for the satisfaction of my feelings against the time when I must submit to the will of heaven."—She died at the advanced age of 98.

9.—Criticism.

A clergyman having written some observations on SHAKESPEARE's plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. SHERIDAN, and desired his opinion. "Sir," said SHERIDAN, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own Bible if you please, but pray leave ours alone."

10.—MACKLIN

Once going to one of the fire offices to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered? "Entered," replied the veteran; "why, I am only plain CHARLES MACKLIN, a *vagabond* by act of Parliament; but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down CHARLES MACKLIN, Esq. as they are now *synonymous terms*."

11.—STEPHEN KEMBLE,

Of enormous rotundity, happening to pass through Newport Market, the butchers set up their usual cry of, "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" STEPHEN parried this for some time, by saying he did not want any thing. At last, a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing

STEPHEN's figure from top to bottom, which certainly would not lead one to think he fed on air, exclaimed, "Well, Sir, though you do not now want any thing, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

12.—BENSLEY,

Before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army.—One day he met a Scotch officer who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an old messmate; but his Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried BENSLEY into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him, very seriously, "Hoo could ye disgrace the corps, by turning play-actor?" BENSLEY replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people." "And what maun," said the other, "do ye get by this business of yours?" "I now," answered B., "get about a thousand a year."—"A thousand a year!" exclaimed Sawney, astonished, "*has ye any vacancies in your corps?*"

Walworth, March 25, 1825.

W. S. P.

THE DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

No. VIII.

1.—CHARLES HART.

CHARLES HART was born about 1640; he was SHAKS-PEARE's great nephew, his father, WILLIAM* being

* He settled in London, and was an actor.—*Malone.*

the eldest son of our poet's sister JOAN. He was apprenticed to ROBINSON, a celebrated actor, and began his career, conformably to the practice of that time, by playing female parts, among which the *Duchess*, in SHIRLEY's tragedy of the "*Carnival*," was the first that exhibited his talents and enhanced his reputation.*

On the 11th of February, 1647, and on the subsequent 22nd of October, two ordinances were issued by the Long Parliament, whereby all stage players were made liable to punishment for following their usual occupation. Before the appearance of this severe edict many of them had gone into the army, and had fought with distinguished merit for CHARLES the First;† when, however, his fate was determined, the surviving dependants on the drama were compelled to renew their former efforts, and returned just before his death to act a few plays at the "Cock-pit," where, performing the tragedy of "*Rollo*," they were surprised by a party of soldiers, who carried them to Hatton-House (then a prison) without allowing them to change their dresses, where, having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes and let them go. Among this unfortunate company was HART, who performed the part of *Otto*, a character which he afterwards relinquished to KY-NASTON.

At the Restoration he was enrolled among the company constituting His Majesty's Servants, by whom the new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was opened on the 8th of April, 1663, with BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's play of the "*Humourous Lieutenant*," in which he sustained the part of *Demetrius* for twelve days successively. About the year 1667 he introduced NELL GWYNN upon the stage, who had been tutored by him in conjunction with LACY, and has acquired the distinc-

* Some few years afterwards we find women performing men's characters, witness PEG WOFFINGTON, in *Sir Harry Wildair*; and in our own time it has become a common practice.—J. D. V.

† HART had been a lieutenant of horse under Sir THOMAS DAVISON in Prince RUPERT's own regiment.

tion of being ranked among her first felicitous lovers by having succeeded LACY in the possession of her charms.

His principal characters were *Arbaces*, in "*King or No King*;" *Aminor*, in the "*Maid's Tragedy*;" *Othello*; *Rollo*; *Alexander the Great*; and such was his attraction in all these characters that, to use the words of DOWNES, "If he acted in any of these but once in a fortnight the house was filled as at a new play, especially *Alexander*, he acting that with such agreeable majesty that one of the court was pleased to honour him with this commendation:—'That HART might teach any king on earth how to comport himself.'"

He was tall and genteelly shaped, on which account he probably claimed the choice of characters. He possessed a considerable share in the profits and direction of the theatre, which were divided among the principal performers, and besides his salary of £3 a week and an allowance as proprietor of 6s. 8d. a day, is supposed to have occasionally cleared about £1000 per annum.*

On the 14th of October, 1681, an agreement was signed between Dr. D'AVENANT, THOMAS BETTERTON, and WILLIAM SMITH of Dorset Garden, on the one part, and CHARLES HART and EDWARD KYNASTON of Drury Lane, on the other part, by which a junction was formed between the two companies. Declining age had rendered HART less fit for exertion than in the vigour of youth. At length a violent affliction of the stone and gravel compelled him to relinquish his professional duties, and in an agreement it was stipulated "That the manager of Dorset Garden do pay or cause to be paid, out of the profits of acting, unto CHARLES HART and EDWARD KYNASTON £5 a piece for every day there shall be any tragedies, or comedies, or other representations acted during the season;" after which he retired from the stage and died soon after.

J. D. V.

* For several years next after the Restoration every whole sharer in Mr. HART's company got £1000 per annum.—*Wright's Historia Histrionica*.

II.—MICHAEL MOHUN.

MICHAEL MOHUN was born about the year 1625, and was brought up under BEESTON, with SHOTTERLL,* an actor of some eminence, and though brought up under a different tutor, the early part of his life was spent with HART, with whom he acquired his military preferment and with whom he reverted to the stage. He commenced his theatrical life at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, in 1640, where, among other *female* characters, he played *Bellamante*, in SHIRLEY's play of "*Love's Cruelty*," and held it even after the Restoration.

Having attained the rank of captain in the royal forces, during the interregnum he repaired to Flanders, where he obtained the rank of major. At the Restoration he returned to the stage, and became an able second to HART with whom he was equally admired.

Major MOHUN was short and muscular, and not so genteelly shaped as HART. He generally acted grave, austere parts, such as *Melantius*, in "*The Maid's Tragedy*;" *Mardonius*, in "*King or No King*;" *Mithridates*, in "*The King of Pontus*;" *Clytus* and *Cassius*; though he sometimes appeared to great advantage in gay and sprightly characters, as in *Valentine*, in "*Wit Without Money*;" and *Face*, in the "*Alchemist*"—one of his most capital characters.

No man appears to have had more skill in putting spirit and passion into the dullest poetry, an excellence with which LEE was so much delighted that, on seeing him perform his own "*King of Pontus*," he exclaimed, "O! MOHUN! MOHUN! thou little man of mettle! if I should write a hundred plays I'd write a part for thy mouth!" and yet LEE was so exquisite a reader that

* In the civil wars he served in the army under the standard of CHARLES the First, and was made quarter-master in Prince RUPERT's regiment, in which HART served as captain.—J. D. V.

MOHUN once threw down a part in despair of approaching the author's force of expression.*

Upon the conclusion of the treaty of 1681, whereby the two patents were incorporated, MOHUN, who found means to retain KYNASTON with the remnant of the royal company† in defiance of the junction just concluded, continued to act as an independent body till the period of 1682, as he acted at that time *Burleigh*, in BANK'S "*Unhappy Favorite*," with, for *Queen Elizabeth*, the famous NELL GWYNN.

At last, by some unhappy difference, he became alienated from HART. Perhaps MOHUN felt dissatisfied with the conditions upon which HART was contented to coalesce, and could not tamely bear the transfer of those laurels which his comrade was anxious to relinquish.—MOHUN did not long survive their disunion, dying of a broken heart, and leaving no traces of his grand and original excellence beyond the scattered scraps of DOWNE's pamphlet, and what tradition has been enabled to supply.

The Duke's comedians endeavoured to mimic his manner when reduced by age and infirmity, a baseness which Lord ROCHESTER has thus warmly reprehended:

And these are they who durst expose the age
Of the great wonder of the English stage,
Whom nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bade him speak as she bade SHAKSPEARE write;
These blades, indeed, are cripples in their art,
Mimic the foot, but not the speaking part;
Let them the traitor or Volpone try,
Could they
Rage like *Cethegus* or like *Cassius* die?

J. D. V.

* See DRAMA vol. I. page 135.

† GRIFFIN, GOODMAN, WILTSHIRE, (the father of GEORGE POWELL) Mrs. CORY. Mrs. BOUTEL, and Mrs. MOUNTFORT, together with the famous NELL GWYNN.—J. D. V.

MISS STEPHENS.

Lovely in features—and refin'd
 In every movement of the mind;
 With voice as musical as lover's lute
 When moonlight skies shine bright and gales are mute,
 Fair STEPHENS comes—to taste and nature dear;
 The sweetest chord in music's hallow'd sphere!

Oh! she is like that lovely flower,*
 Whose leaves drop honey as they close;
 Her voice, with more than magic power,
 Sinks in the heart,
 (Like balsam pour'd upon the mourner's woes,)
 And soothes each smart.

'Tis like the cheering sound that breaks
 Upon the slumbering, thirst-parched Arab's ear,
 When from unholy dreams he wakes
 And hear the gush of waters near.

Taste, feeling, judgment, each to *her* belong,
 And 'mid the many of the tuneful throng,
 She shines the brightest star—she is the soul of song!

M. H.

THEATRICAL JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.

MR. DRAMA,

At a time when Joint-stock Companies claim the attention of the public in so extraordinary a degree, when the rage for speculation is at so wonderful a height, when *projectors* are found for schemes the most impracticable, and *patrons* for the most absurd; at such a time I may escape the imputation of insanity, and not be

* The Cape-plant which folds up its leaves every evening, and sheds a kind of gum, which is sweet like honey.

considered by the enlightened body whom I have the honour to address through your medium, as very impolitic or very inconsistent in proposing an institution for the melioration of our theatrical rank.

Oft has it grieved me, oft do I sigh, to think at what a low ebb is the dramatic taste of this country; many have been the plans for bettering its condition, all, alas! have proved but futile and ephemeral; whilst our managers thrust upon the willing public their melo-dramatic trash and empty bombast, genius is left to die, and poetry is bid to slumber.

How would the shade of SHAKSPEARE behold the unmerited neglect with which his immortal works are treated in this enlightened era? how would the spirits of "rare Ben" and the "mighty twain*" mourn over the departed taste of this age of improvement and of wonder? How would the great moralizer, were he now dictating to us, lash our vitiated taste and deplore the departure of reason from the stage?

Gentle spirits of departed sages! shed thy influence on us, and restore us to the rank from which we are so fallen! pity our degeneracy! raise us from our degradation! smile upon our attempts to rouse the slumbering drama from a sleep so fatal that it approximates to utter dissolution! When shall we again behold the powers of passion mingling with the softness of gentle love? When shall we again behold our managers the patrons of genius and the enemies to pomp and shew? I fearlessly answer—Never; unless a serious reform takes place in our theatres.

But I must not rhapsodize.—I must state briefly the nature of my design.

In a city large and populous as this, how much is it to be lamented that there is not at least one theatre where the regular drama is regularly performed. To remedy this defect, I propose that a company shall be established for the purpose of patronizing talent, and on so firm a basis as will reduce the public to the necessity of admiring native productions. For this effect a theatre

* BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

must be erected where none but plays that have passed the ordeal of a council shall be represented; this of course to apply to ancient as well as modern productions.

That this council be elected by the proprietors at large; in them will be vested the right of appointing all persons connected with the establishment. That talent shall be fostered and receive its due reward; and that successful dramatists shall reap the benefit of their success by being admitted to a proprietorship.

That shares shall be issued to applicants of known respectability, the total amount of the same to be paid into the hands of some London Banker in the joint names of the Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer; which shares shall not be transferable without the consent of the council. The main object of the institution would be to obtain a place of amusement to which the public would flock with delight, and I cannot doubt that the public would patronize this which has only for its object the upholding of the drama. Let us have one theatre where the "mirror is held up to nature." Let us for once behold "beauty reflecting her own image," and "scorn her own feature;" and therefore let us here show "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure."

The only object I have in view is the public weal. I want no office in the establishment; I am no disappointed playwright; but I want a theatre where I can with pleasure *hear* and *admire*.

I shall feel obliged if you, Mr. DRAMA, will insert this communication in your next number, and I hope some spirited men will follow up a suggestion which I have so feebly proposed.

I am,

Your Obedient Servant,

London, 12th April.

PHILO-KEAN.



ON THE ACTING OF VOCAL PERFORMERS.

—
 "What Actors are those?"

"Actors!"

Nay, my lord, they are the *Singers*.
 —

MR. DRAMA,

It is a singular circumstance, that among all our vocal performers we find so very few who are capable of giving adequate effect to the dialogue of a play; consequently, while we bestow such approbation as their splendid vocal abilities demand, we regret their limited dramatic powers, as by their sustaining the principal characters of a piece, the illusion of the scene is wholly destroyed and the interest of the plot lost in their powerless and inanimated delineation of the passions. What are we to say of BRAHAM's acting? Is it not wretched? Take for instance his *Count Belino*. Whoever saw any thing so tame and unmeaning? I am well aware that it would be the height of folly to seek for in one individual the vocal abilities of BRAHAM, SINCLAIR, or SAPIO combined with the histrionic excellence of KEAN, YOUNG, or KEMBLE; yet we certainly *do* seek for much greater dramatic talent than our present vocalists are possessed of. Then what a truly pitiable piece of acting is the *Prince Orlando* of SINCLAIR; how much do we lament his inefficiency in the dialogue, considering how pre-eminent he stands as a singer. SAPIO is a better actor than either of the former, yet he must yield to PEARMAN, and *great* praise cannot be awarded to any of *his* efforts. It is, however, but fair to state that this gentleman sometimes exhibits flashes of genius which lead us to believe him possessed of abilities he does not think proper to bring into play. What is T. COOKE? What is HORN? What is DURUSET?

Our "singing ladies" boast much talent. Miss STEPHENS has lately entered the lists as an actress, and it is highly gratifying to state that her claims are exceedingly well founded. Her *Lilla* is all spirit and vivacity, and her admirable acting in the "*Fall of Algiers*"

procured for that piece the temporary success which it met with.

It has been reported that Miss PATON has abilities of a very high order. If so, she has not thought proper to exhibit them. Her acting is pleasing, but by no means excellent.

Miss POVEY's personation of *Dolly O'Daisey*, in the farce of "*Hit or Miss*," and of *Lucinda*, in "*Love in a Village*," are evidently emanations of a mind possessing a fine and accurate conception. Miss P., however, in general is exceedingly tame and spiritless. She ought to remedy this—for she can.

Miss CUBITT, though seldom apparent, must not be forgotten. What an admirable *Cherubino* she makes.

Nor must we forget a new aspirant for theatrical honors, Miss HAMMERSLEY. She is judicious and correct, and displays some very good acting.

Miss HOLDAWAY was a very interesting actress. I recollect her playing *Maria Darlington*, *Barbara*, ("*Iron Chest*") *Joanna*, ("*Deserted Daughter*") and other characters of equal importance in an extremely pleasing (I was about to say excellent) manner. She is now, by her own folly, instead of gaining ground in public estimation, actually forfeiting the share of favour which she certainly did possess. No sooner did she find herself and her abilities admired, than she became so haughty, and infused so much of the prevailing passion into her acting and singing that our admiration gave place to perfect indifference, not to say contempt. I wish her well, and would she but divest herself of this foolish passion, she might yet become a valuable acquisition to the stage.

A most singularly striking instance of talent suddenly bursting from the dark clouds of obscurity presents itself in the person of Miss LOVE. Some few seasons ago she sustained second and third rate business at the English Opera House. We admired her for a pretty face, and some pleasing singing, but her acting was very bad. We now find her a leading star at Covent Garden: the transformation is extraordinary. Her acting is now recognized as being in perfect accordance with the

received notions of what genuine comedy *ought* to be. With what a spirit and effect she sustains the character of *Rosantke*. How truly admirable is her *Vespina*. What a bewitching melody there is in her tongue! what a fascinating expression in her eye! her whole form how pleasing—

“Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire;
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss.”

Among the numerous encomiums bestowed upon that wonderful youth, Master BETTY, now sunk into comparative insignificance, a celebrated critic gravely observed, that doubtless the boy was sent from Heaven, and that he should not be at all surprised were he to see him some evening take flight from the stage and ascend to his celestial habitation! May not the observation be applied with greater truth to the delightful VESTIS? How truly like an angel she appears! An earthly divinity. Upon such a subject it would be pardonable to ascend to Heaven for similies, for where can we find one on earth? She steals into our hearts with all her “nods, becks, and wreathed smiles;” and, despite of our endeavours, compels us to acknowledge her soul-subduing power—

“If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you’ll forget them all.”

Of Miss M. TREE it may well be said—

“Can she be mortal? I have read of shapes
Like that, in legends of the olden days,
The beautiful *imaginings* of men.”

She is the only lady on the stage who combines the character of a first-rate actress with that of a first-rate singer. I have lately taken the opportunity of seeing her in a variety of characters. I have attentively pondered over her merits, yet found very few points for censure—very many for decided approbation. I have pictured to my fancy all her brilliant essays. I have

sought to criticise them with all possible severity; yet found myself wholly unequal to the task. Bewildered in the mazes of delight, her syren spells wound insensibly round my heart. I ventured to admire, and enthusiasm possessed my soul; for

"There is a *melody* in her every tone
Would charm the towering eagle."

Her *Rosalind* is a sweet personation of SHAKESPEARE'S romantic character, it may possess some few defects, but they are greatly counterbalanced by its beauties. Her *Ophelia* is a beautiful picture of the unhappy maniac. The fascinating expression which pervades the whole of her acting, yields only to the sweetness and melody with which she gives the scraps of songs. Her *Rosina*, ("Barber of Seville") and *Susannah*, ("Marriage of Figaro") are pleasing specimens of her excellence in that department of the drama.

Miss TREE'S *Clari* is a piece of acting equal to the most refined and finished efforts of any of our first-rate tragic actresses. I should be, perhaps, considered absurd were I to compare it with the *Isabella* of SID-
DONS, or the *Mrs. Haller* of O'NEIL; and the principal reason adduced would be that a melo-dramatic performance not being considered as any way pertaining to the legitimate drama, an individual sustaining characters in the former should never be allowed a situation equal in importance with those who represent the latter. This opinion if strictly acted upon would be highly commendable; but at a time when pageant and buffoonery supply the place of intellectual genius, it is preposterous to advance it.

But to the subject. Miss TREE'S *Clari* is a portraiture simply, yet powerfully grand. It is an appeal to the heart, which being so closely allied to nature and so entirely divested of all the bombastic vehemence which constantly attends the personation of this peculiar line of character, that our minds are completely lost in the illusion of the scene. The soul, harrowed up by the "stern reality of life" before us, forgets its wonted ascendancy, and takes part in the general distress. When the curse

of *Rolamo* is being denounced against the suffering *Clari*, we feel impelled to rush forward and proclaim that she is innocent. It is a complete mastery of the feelings—a faultless piece of perfection. He who can look unmoved upon it must be “something more or less than man.”

Who that has witnessed this performance can ever cease to remember the effect produced by what is termed the play-scene. Her agitation—the recalling her ideas when *Vespina* reminds her that it is only a play she is witnessing—and the agonized burst of feeling at the close of the scene, when *Clari* falls on the stage exclaiming, “She is innocent! She is innocent!”

Those who are unacquainted with Miss TREE’s splendid display of talent, cannot conceive it in the power of any individual to produce a picture so chaste, so natural, and so affecting. Her heart *feels* the distressed situation of the helpless, heart-broken wanderer. “She is the very thing itself.” Her emotions on approaching her father—her eagerly seizing the slight gleams of hope which sometimes appear—and her desponding sigh when she finds that her hopes are vain. The convulsive agony with which she discovers herself, and her supplicating cries for pity and forgiveness, are brilliant specimens of what perfection the histrionic art is capable of being brought to.

It is said that the dramatic hemisphere is shortly to be deprived of this resplendent star, she being about to enter into that “most blessed state, matrimony.” I am selfish enough to feel the deepest regret at the loss which the stage will sustain by her departure, for when can we hope to

“Look upon her like again!”

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

" And since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection—*use* your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which yet you know not of."

SHAKSPEARE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

March 26.—*Othello*—Rossignol—Sleeping Draught.—
 (Last night of performance till Easter.)

A very crowded audience assembled this evening to witness what the bills had announced to be "the last appearance of Mr. KEAN." It had been previously most industriously circulated that several years might elapse before he would again re-assume his professional duties, (at least in the metropolis) and the anxiety to witness his performance was commensurate with the fear which this rumour had excited that he might not possibly return to the English boards. However, we have his own assurance and that of Mr. ELLISTON's that he will re-appear on the Drury Lane stage again before the close of the present summer. The interval will be occupied in the fulfillment of several continental engagements. He commences, we believe, at Brussels. His *Othello* is well known to be a master-piece of acting, and it has been termed, and not incorrectly, "the greatest effort of genius on the modern stage." At the conclusion of the play Mr. KEAN was summoned by "one general acclaim"—and addressed the audience to the following effect:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In the powerful conflict of gratifying sensations with which my bosom glows, you may easily suppose that I cannot possibly express

or give vent to my feelings at this moment To a London audience am I indebted for my first and only support; and by their protection have I been enabled to combat against one of the most malignant attacks that was ever made on any individual. (Applause, and cries of 'Bravo') Without adverting to past circumstances, I cannot but feel that a most powerful engine was placed for my destruction. (Loud cries of 'The Times, the Times, aye, the Times.') It was endeavoured to enlist your displeasure against me. But under your patronage and kind countenance I have successfully fought those who appeared as my professional enemies. (Applause.) I should have sunk under the power which was thus raised against me, were I not protected by the shield of that liberality which is the characteristic of the British nation, and which should be an example of imitation to the world. (Much applause.) To you, Ladies and Gentlemen, am I at this moment indebted for my professional existence; and may I take the liberty of adding, that in the part you have acted you have achieved a great dramatic triumph. (Much laughter and partial approbation.) In reference to the liberal management of this occasion, I beg to express my most grateful acknowledgments. The Manager has acted towards me in the hour of my adversity with the affectionate kindness of a father, a brother, and a friend. With the renewed expression of gratitude for all your favours, I beg respectfully to take my temporary farewell of you, and hope to have the honour of appearing before you again early in June." (Applause, mingled with slight disapprobation.)

Of the propriety of his making any address on this occasion various opinions may be entertained; but we must observe, that we considered there was some impropriety in the introduction of some of these topics, which were better in oblivion.

As Mr. K. was about to make his final bow and retire, Mr. ELLISTON, who stood at the corner of the curtain during the delivery of the address, came forward and proved his *futherly* and *brotherly* attachment to Mr. K. by a most theatrical embrace. This exhibition excited a

smile from some, and bursts of laughter from others; and during the applause and disapprobation that followed both quitted the stage. The ballet commenced, but the audience evinced a disposition to postpone the elegant pirouetting of Mr. and Mrs. NOBLE to the re-appearance of Mr. E. whom, from his late deportment, they rightly judged to be in a speech-making mood. Accordingly a general cry of "Manager! Manager!" was raised. Mr. E. immediately stepped forward to the foot lights, and in a rapid tone of delivery, said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—You have ordered me here;—I am—as I always am—at my post;—What is your pleasure?"

Loud applause followed this manly address; but a long pause ensued, which was only interrupted by some good-natured person in the pit exclaiming, "Good night! ELLISTON! they only want to make a fool of you!" No reason being assigned for the call of the manager—no materials of course were given for Mr. ELLISTON to display his oratorical powers—he was therefore obliged to fall back upon his own resources—and thus proceeded:—

"If there be any person here inimical to the interests of the theatre (Cries of 'No, no'); I am sure there are none who can be insensible to the merits of Mr. KEAN. (Appluse.) Circumstances have occurred, Ladies and Gentlemen, which have soured his mind a little. It might be any man's case; however, Gentlemen, it appears you have agreed to bury all that is past in oblivion. Mr. KEAN feels the same gratitude now for your first patronage that he ever did; I know it. (Applause.) I now have the honour to announce that he will absolutely return in June—that he will then perform for twelve nights, and I hope for many years afterwards you may have the opportunity, Ladies and Gentlemen, of receiving him and—*me too.*" (Shouts of laughter and applause.)

Mr. ELLISTON then retired, and the merriment which this eccentric oration excited seemed to keep the audience in perfect hilarity, and good humour, for the rest of the evening.

April 4.—Pizarro—ABON HASSAN [1st time.]

This delightful afterpiece is founded on a tale in that inexhaustible mine for adventurers for dramatic fame, "*The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*." And notwithstanding the slightness of the materials contained in the plot, there is more bustle and activity in this little performance than is usually to be met with in others of a similar nature. It possesses some agreeably extravagant and equivocal situations; but like all pieces of the modern day, not a few indifferent puns.

The plot is as follows:—*Abon Hassan* (HORN), has given mortal offence to the *Caliph of Bagdad*, by uniting his fortunes with those of *Zulema* (Miss GRANDON), who has herself become equally obnoxious to the *Sultana* on account of her marriage with *Hassan*. The young couple, in consequence of the loss of their respective patrons' favour, are reduced to great extremities, and determine, under the advice of *Zabouc* (HARLEY), to counterfeit death, as their only means of living any longer, or reinstating themselves in the good graces of the *Caliph* and his spouse. The stratagem is accordingly adopted, and *Hassan* betakes himself to the palace, where he finds the *Caliph* in a particular good humour, smoking a social pipe, and relates his fictitious tale of distress, and the death of *Zulema*. The Monarch is touched by the recital of his misfortunes, and orders him two hundred pieces, and six supernumerary wives from his own establishment, by way of consoling and supplying his loss. In the meantime *Zulema* has been playing off an equally successful hoax upon the *Sultana Zobeide* (Mrs. ORGER). The wants of the young couple are thus supplied, but they are interrupted, as was to be expected, in the height of their gaiety, by the appearance of the *Grand Chamberlain* (BROWNE), and *Nouzamoul* (Mrs. HARLOWE), despatched by the Monarch and his spouse, who, on comparing notes, have found themselves rather mistified by the contradictory statements of husband and wife. Accordingly those functionaries appear, for the purpose of ascertaining the genuine ghost; but disagreeing in their subsequent representations, and being bamboozled by the alacrity and inge-

nity of *Zabouc*, the *Caliph* and *Sultana* come in person to investigate the case. An explanation takes place in consequence, and the piece terminates in the *dead alive* becoming reconciled to their patrons, and extricated from their difficulties

The music is adapted to the English stage by T. COOKE from WEBER. The overture does not possess any of those strange and unearthly qualities predominating in that of "*The Freischütz*," which in that astonishing effort of musical genius

"Came on the sense like sounds from the spheres;
Heard by the spirit—not the body's ears."

The overture to the present piece is, on the contrary, full of lively and animated movements, and characterized by a certain amenity and cheerfulness of manner equally pleasing in its way. The music throughout is of a similar character. We were particularly pleased with a concerted piece at the close of the first act; and we have no doubt that this little piece will become a favourite with the lovers of genuine melody.—The performers acquitted themselves with great ability, and did every justice to the parts allotted to them. Miss GRADDON gave two or three songs with more than her usual effect, and went through the speaking and acting part of her performance with a considerable share of archness and ability. This lady has of late manifested powers that were not at first attributed to her. We think her gradually acquiring more firmness of tone and precision in execution than she before possessed. Messrs. BEDFORD and HORN were in excellent voice, and acted and sung better than we have hitherto seen them. HARLEY had a part that suited him to a hair. There is no actor possessing more mental and physical activity than HARLEY: his veins are filled with quicksilver, and there is a vitality in all he says and does, which is the very exuberance of youthful animation. No man is so well calculated to play the *eccentricities* of the drama, and none possess a greater portion of what he would himself denominate "easy assurance," but which the world generally calls "brass." He is the true intriguing

French valet, (we have none such in England except on the stage) and is as easy with his master as an old glove. We must not forget **GEORGE SMITH**, who played a dunning (or stunning) butcher, with a bill so long as only to be discharged by a joint-stock company, and sharpened his knife as if he had been born and bred in Leadenhall-Market. **BROWNE** and **Mrs. HARLOWE** were sufficiently absurd and amusing in their respective parts. The piece is considerably indebted to the scene painter and decorator, some of the productions of the former particularly, are of the utmost magnificent description. It was given out for repetition with loud applause, and has since become a considerable favourite with the half-price play-goers.

5.—*Der Freischütz*—Ibid.

6.—*Pizarro*—Ibid.

7.—*Marriage of Figaro*—Old and Young—Ibid.

8.—*Guy Mannering*—Abon Hassan.

9.—*Der Freischütz*—Ibid.

10.—*Fatal Dowry*—Ibid.

11.—Ibid—Abon Hassan.

Mr. MACREADY made his first appearance at this Theatre since his indisposition, in the character of *Romont*. On his entrance he was welcomed by a crowded audience with long and repeated bursts of applause, which must have convinced him that his temporary absence off the stage has rather added to than diminished his popularity. We regretted to find that the health of **Mr. MACREADY** is not altogether restored; he looked very pale, and appeared to be labouring under considerable weakness. But although his voice was more tremulous and his step less firm than heretofore, the extraordinary powers of the actor were unimpaired, and he had those frequent but silent testimonials of his merit which are far better tributes than the loudest plaudits, and which must have been so many proofs that the energies of the mind can triumph over the weaknesses of the body.

12.—*Der Freischütz*—Ibid.

13.—*Fatal Dowry*—Ibid.

14.—*Siege of Belgrade*—Ibid.

- 15.—Fatal Dowry—Ibid.
- 16.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.
- 18.—Macbeth—Ibid.
- 19.—Fatal Dowry—Ibid.
- 20.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.
- 21.—Cabinet—Ibid.
- 22.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.
- 23.—Ibid—Ibid.
- 25.—Virginus—Harlequin and the Talking Bird.
- 26.—Fall of Algiers—Abon Hassan.
- 27.—Der Freischütz—Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

March 26.—Roland for an Oliver—Charles the Second—Clari—(Benefit of Mr. FAWCETT, and last night of performance till Easter.)

Mr. F. had an overflowing house, such was the general attraction of the entertainments, united to a report that it would be the last occasion on which Miss FOOTE would appear on the stage, as her marriage with Mr. HAYNE was expected to take place immediately; the report has, however, proved to be groundless. Mr. HAYNE is too wary to be entrapped. Mr. FAWCETT must have cleared between 3 and £400 by the nights' receipts.

April 4.—Pizarro—Aladdin.

We believe this is the first time "within the memory of man" that Covent Garden ever failed to present the holiday folks with some "gorgeous tale of enchantment," or "burglarious melo-drame;" full of interesting and blood-thirsty murders, or "hair-breadth escapes by flood or field." The holiday public seemed to resent the insult offered to their dignity—as the house was exceed-

ingly thin. We think the manager has acted wisely in keeping the money, (which amounts to an enormous sum when expended on these "airy nothings,") in his own pocket.

Mr. YOUNG appeared as *Rolla*, after a long absence through indisposition and various engagements in the country. His performance was marked with his usual powerful style, and he obtained great approbation. BENNETT's *Pizarro* was a bold and judicious piece of acting—he appeared to greater satisfaction than we ever remember to have witnessed from any of his previous efforts. Miss LACY played *Elvira*, and Miss JONES *Cora*—the latter we thought excessively monotonous.—The afterpiece went off very flatly.

5.—*Der Freischütz*—*Ibid.*

The novelty of the evening chiefly consisted in the re-appearance of Miss PATON, (or Lady LENNOX, we know not which to call her,) in her old character of *Bertha*, which had been performed *ad interim* during her confinement by Miss HAMMERSLY. If the manager contemplated a "tremendous overflow" to witness the re-appearance of the fair songstress, he was most grievously disappointed by the good sense and good taste of the public; for the house was exceedingly thin, and those few who were in the theatre manifested by the coldness of their manner a very altered feeling, so far as it regards theatrical *eclat*. The lady appears to have suffered no diminution of her very delightful powers during her absence, although in personal appearance she is thinner, and her face (as far as can be judged of the complexion of an actress) paler than ordinary. The opera, together with the afterpiece, were received with a deadening coldness which appeared to make a chilling impression on some of the performers.

6.—*Clari*—Charles the Second—*Ibid.*

7.—*Inconstant*—*Aladdin*.

8.—*HEBREW FAMILY; or, a Traveller's Adventure* [1st time.]—*Tale of Mystery*.

The plot of this new piece is as follows :—

Frank Forester (JONES), the English Traveller, has been condemned to the flames by the Inquisition, for the

crime of assisting in the abduction of a nun from a convent in Valencia. He escapes at the critical moment appointed for the execution of the sentence, in the confusion occasioned by the falling of the scaffolding, and is harboured and protected by *Issâchar* (FAWCETT). The Jew has a pretty daughter, with whom, as in duty bound, *Frank* thinks it necessary to fall in love, principally perhaps *pour passer le temps*, and because there is no other petticoat in sight. *Miriam* (Miss M. TREE), who is a second edition of *Rebecca*, in "*Ivanhoe*," rejects his martial addresses on the ground of difference of religious opinion, but is content to tender all that circumstances admit of sisterly affection to "her Christian brother." This is accepted, and exertions are made to deliver *Forester* from the dangers surrounding him, while efforts are still making for his apprehension, by *Father Sereno* (BARTLETT). Arrangements are accordingly made to ship him off to England, but no better means suggests itself for arriving at the sea-coast, than by passing through the house of the *Governor* (FARREN), who has been *ex officio* a party in the efforts made to re-capture the heretic. But passing by this improbability, our Englishman is conveyed into the *Governor's* garden, accompanied by *Reuben* (Miss CAWSE). There unfortunately *Leonella* (Miss GIBBS), makes a slight mistake in the darkness, and stumbling upon *Jaime* and *Vasco*, two "brothers and bandits," as the bills have it, entrusts to them the key and directions intended to facilitate the escape of *Frank Forester*. Now, it is to be observed, that these "brothers and bandits" aforesaid, entertain a slight grudge against the *Governor of Valencia*, for having been instrumental in bringing to justice their father, who was of the same trade as themselves, and having accordingly posted themselves in *Don Gomez's* garden, for the purpose of watching their opportunity of vengeance. By the mistake already mentioned they gain access to our friend the *Governor's* bed-chamber, whom they find soliloquizing upon sleep, in a red night-gown and slippers, somewhat after the fashion of our *Henry VI.* They have compelled *Frank* to accompany them to the scene of their intended violence,

and are on the point of putting their blood-thirsty intentions into execution, when they are interrupted by the appearance of *Issachar* (who has of course received timely information of what is going on), armed with a brace of pistols. The alarm is rang, guards enter, and *Don Gomez*, the Catholic Governor, finds himself rescued by a heretic and a Jew. All seems now to go on swimmingly till *Father Sereno* steps in and asserts his right to dispose of the person of *Forester*, under a royal mandate to that effect. The parties look exceedingly blank, till *Sereno* relieves them by saying, that though he will not consent to an escape, he is disposed to set *Frank* at liberty openly, having obtained the King's edict for that very purpose. The piece accordingly concludes, *Issachar* expressing his determination to set sail for England with *Forester*, and *Miriam* likewise consenting to accompany "her Christian brother" to Houndsditch.

The exertions of the performers gave equal credit to themselves and advantage to the author. What little *FARREN* had to do in the doting old *Governor*, he did, as usual, well. *Mr. JONES*, as *Frank Forester*, had still less to do, but fluttered through it with his customary airiness, and gave it the support of his fine person. *Mr. FAWCETT* had the most effective and telling character in the piece, and it lost none of its effect in his hands. In the character of *Issachar*, "the Hebrew dealer," or, as the vulgar call it, a Jew pedlar, the author seems to have desired to do for the contemned people of Israel what *CUMBERLAND* attempted in his character of *Sheva*. We have no quarrel with this, but must say, there is a vast deal of mock heroics and threadbare sentimentality, which we hoped *Joseph Surface* had ere now banished from our stage. *Mr. SINCLAIR* sang one song (we think it was in the second act) delightfully, and two others very indifferently. *Miss H. CAWSE*, who made her *débüt* in the character of *Reuben*, is, we understand a pupil of *Sir GEORGE SMART*. She is young, but clever—she will of course grow older, and we hope cleverer. Indeed we have little doubt of the latter, if her friends do not spoil her, which we fear

they are much disposed to do. She sang one song delightfully, and with wonderful precision and power, and was deservedly encored by the whole house. What can we say of the delightful Miss TREE that has not been said a thousand times? In every thing that is modest, retiring, and *penseroso*—in giving utterance to the very soul of song, which predominates in the ballad style—and in warbling out the very spirit of tenderness and truth, in notes that seem borrowed from the untaught and melancholy strains of the nightingale, Miss TREE is unequalled; we know not where we could find an equal for her on our stage; we trust it will be long ere it is necessary to seek one. We have remarked already that *Miriam* is imitated from *Rebecca*, a water-colour sketch from the strong tints of the great original. Miss TREE supported the character, and sang the songs belonging to it exquisitely; and whatever were its deficiencies she supplied by her delightful personation.

The defects and improbabilities of this plot, some of which we have attempted to point out in the course of our analysis, will be instantly perceived. One more absurdity is observable in the conduct of *Father Sereno*, who has the royal pardon in his pocket from the first, and yet permits our hero to be let in the *auto da fe* to the foot of the scaffold; and afterwards to undergo all the difficulties and concealments which constitute the piece, without producing it till the critical moment when he has saved the life of the *Governor* in the last scene of the last act. This is sufficiently *French* and out of nature; but to be sure the piece could not have existed without it; and that constitutes at once its only apology, and the radical absurdity of the play. So much for the plot.—The next point for consideration is the dialogue. There is rather a pretty vein of imaginative and practical expression, which predominated a good deal at the commencement of the piece, and altogether, with the bustle and interest of the first act, excited hopes not realized by the sequel of the performance. The attempt at humour fell still-born as soon as uttered. The principal and almost only joke in the piece was one which the complacency of the author put

some dozen times into the mouth of FARREN. We cannot at this moment charge our memory with it, but it was very appropriate to a silly piece of work, inasmuch as it related to All-Fools Day and the First of April. The two last acts were extremely tedious, and encountered some disapprobation, and we think the hissing would have been more had the yawning been less. The music is a *melange* from CIANCHILLINI, SHIELD, ROSSINI, and VIOTTI; and where the works of these composers could not be made available, the deficiency is supplied by Messrs. WHITTAKER and WATSON. The overture, from ROSSINI, possesses much of the force and brilliancy which are the usual characteristics of that master. The selection is indeed throughout of a very pleasing nature, and the new music possesses no inconsiderable degree of merit.

We have nothing further to observe than that the scenery and decorations were (as is customary at this theatre) excellent. The piece was given out for repetition with very faint applause.

9.—Ibid—Aladdin.

11.—King John—Ibid.

12.—Hebrew Family—Ibid.

13.—Belles' Stratagem—Ibid.

14.—Hebrew Family—Irish Tutor—Cent per Cent.

15.—Clari—Charles Second—Aladdin.

16.—Der Freischütz—Aladdin.

18.—Hamlet—Harlequin and Dragon of Wantley.

19.—Inconstant—Barber of Seville.

20.—ORESTES IN ARGOS [1st time.]—Pantomime.

This new tragedy, as may instantly be perceived from the name, is founded on the well-known crimes and misfortunes of the devoted house of ATREUS. Its plot and conduct are principally derived from the "*Electra*" of SOPHOCLES. The Greek drama has been hitherto known to our stage only through the medium of translations from the French adaptations of CORNEILLE, RACINE, VOLTAIRE, &c. a mode of introduction peculiarly unfortunate for the originals. The French are the last people in the world capable of appreciating the severe and chaste dignity of the founders

of displaying Mr. YATES's talent at personation and mimicry; who gave most excellent imitations of Messrs. YOUNG, MACREADY, FARREN, MUNDEN, and BRAHAM. The plot may be thus briefly noticed:—An old gentleman, *Peter Polymath* (BARTLEY), lives in a garret (alias an *attic*) with his daughter, *Miss Calliope Polymath*, and there gives way to his singular propensities for the whole round of the arts, including those of gulling the public by means of nonsensical projects. However this worthy personage is made the subject of the *arts* of *Mr. Valentine Versatile* (YATES), who is in love with the divine *Miss Calliope*. To effect a union with this fair one, *Versatile* sets his wits to work and personates sundry characters, and mimics sundry performers very much to the entertainment of the beholders, and ultimately obtains the hand of his *Calliope*.

23.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—Charles Second.

25.—Der Freischutz—Charles Second.

These performances were by the express command of His MAJESTY, who, attended by the Duke of York and suite, entered the royal box at a few minutes past seven.

The reception which awaited the King on his entrance was of the most enthusiastic description, which His MAJESTY acknowledged in his usual condescending and dignified manner. "*God Save the King*" was sung by the whole vocal strength of the Company, and the applause at its conclusion was vehement and protracted. His MAJESTY looked extremely well, and paid particular attention to the performance throughout the evening, frequently expressing his approbation, and beating time to WEBER's music more than once. The applause on the King's retiring from his box was equal to that which welcomed his entrance. His MAJESTY was in excellent spirits, and appeared to be deeply impressed by the warmth and enthusiastic loyalty of the audience.

26.—Woman never Vext—Lofty Projects—The Pouch-ers.

27.—Der Freischutz—Lofty Projects—Charles II.

of the Grecian stage; and accordingly we find that the "*Orestè*" of CREBILLON and VOLTAIRE are any thing but Greeks: they are Frenchmen disguised in the *Pallium*, and are all beaux of the freshest fashion.—Our present tragedy, although derived from the same source, has been penned by a masterly hand, and all the characters appear with their original and native dignity. This gives the highest effect to the play and reflects the greatest credit on the translator—he appears to have resorted to higher authorities than the school of the superfine Frenchmen, and has, we are happy to say, consequently met with the success he so well deserves.

The life of ORESTES is so well known that it will not be necessary to go into any lengthened detail of the plot:

Orestes returns to his native country, after escaping the snares laid for him by *Ægisthus*. He is recognized by his sister *Electra*, and after the usual number of difficulties and disappointments, succeeds in killing the tyrant—first, by some unaccountable mistake, having been unconsciously accessory to the death of his mother *Clytemnestra*. *Orestes*, struck with horror at his unintentional matricide, is seized with horror and dies raving. The story, as our readers will see, is closely copied from its Greek original, with the exception of the mode of *Clytemnestra's* death, which is taken from CREBILLON, and, as we think, no improvement upon the simplicity and fervour of the original. The character of *Clytemnestra* has also undergone alteration in the hands of the English dramatist. Instead of being represented as she is by ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, and EURIPIDES as the ravening she-wolf who had murdered her husband and was divested of all natural affection for her own offspring—the *Lady Macbeth* of the Greek stage—she is tamed down into an imbecile and lamenting penitent. *Ægisthus* is brought forward more than in the original, and is represented properly enough as a crafty and timid tyrant. *Nemesis* and the *Furies* are introduced in two scenes, for no other purpose, as far as we can see, than to sing some very indifferent airs and chorusses. They tossed about their rosin torches, and were perfectly unintelligible, and exercised no influence upon the action

of the piece or the conduct of the *dramatis personæ*, with none of whom had they at any time the slightest communication. This was wrong, the witches are not introduced into "*Macbeth*," for nothing. We would recommend them to be entirely discarded from the scene, which they only interrupt, notwithstanding the pretty singing of Miss HAMMERSLEY, as *Nemesis*, and that Mademoiselles HALLANDE, HENRY, and VEDZ made very laudable furies. On the Greek stage these amiable goddesses constituted the chorus to several plays, and amounted in number originally to fifty, but on account of the fatal effects produced by their terrors upon children, *et les femmes enciente*, they were reduced by an express law of the State to fifteen, and afterwards to twelve in number. We think the present piece would be better without them, and we suppose they have only been introduced in compliance with the taste for horrors introduced by the *Der Freischütz* school of the drama. There are several good and effective situations in the course of the piece, particularly that in the second act, where the recognition between *Orestes* and *Electra* takes place. The diction of the piece possesses very high claims, although in some instances it is only a repetition of ordinary common places of the drama. The scenery was (as is usual with this house) remarkably good, and the dresses correct. With regard to the performance, Mr. C. KEMBLE is entitled to very high praise for the effective and powerful manner in which he represented *Orestes*, and we will join with him Mrs. BARTLEY and Miss LACEY for a display of similar qualities. Of the representative of *Ægisthus* (Mr. BENNET) we would rather say nothing, and of Mr. COOPER, in *Pglades*, we have nothing to say.

The piece was received with the unanimous plaudits of a crowded house, and we doubt not but, that it will become deservedly popular.

21.—Belles' Stratagem—Animal Magnetism—Irish Tutor.

22.—*Orestes in Argos*—LOFTY PROJECTS; or *Arts in an Attic* [1st time.]—Aladdin.

This little piece is evidently designed for the purpose

of displaying Mr. YATES's talent at personation and mimicry; who gave most excellent imitations of Messrs. YOUNG, MACREADY, FARREN, MUNDEN, and BRAHAM. The plot may be thus briefly noticed:—An old gentleman, *Peter Polymath* (BARTLEY), lives in a garret (alias an *attic*) with his daughter, Miss *Calliope Polymath*, and there gives way to his singular propensities for the whole round of the arts, including those of gulling the public by means of nonsensical projects. However this worthy personage is made the subject of the arts of Mr. *Valentine Versatile* (YATES), who is in love with the divine *Miss Calliope*. To effect a union with this fair one, *Versatile* sets his wits to work and personates sundry characters, and mimics sundry performers very much to the entertainment of the beholders, and ultimately obtains the hand of his *Calliope*.

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26.—Woman never Vext—Lofty Projects—The Poachers.

27.—Der Freischutz—Lofty Projects—Charles II.

MINOR DRAMA.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This elegant little theatre closed on Saturday evening, March 26th, after a very successful season. Mr. LEE, the Stage Manager, came forward and addressed the audience as follows :—

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—This evening terminates the present brilliant and prosperous season; and I am deputed by the Proprietors to offer a few parting words to their kind and liberal patrons. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am grieved to say, that in consequence of the death of our beloved and lamented proprietor, Mr. RODWELL, and the domestic arrangements of his friend and brother proprietor, Mr. JONES, this is, in all probability, the last time I shall have the honour of appearing before you as the representative of the present proprietorship. Under these circumstances, Mr. JONES avails himself of this opportunity of expressing, through me, his heartfelt gratitude to the public, to whom he is proud to acknowledge himself indebted for the uninterrupted success with which you have crowned our endeavours to please; and of paying public tribute to the memory of his deceased friend, Mr. RODWELL, to whose superior talents and unwearied exertions he attributes the superior rank which this theatre now holds in public estimation. Having performed the duty imposed on me by my proprietor, it yet remains for me to discharge another debt of gratitude. It is customary, at the close of a season, for the Performers, through the medium of their Stage Manager, to express their acknowledgements, and bid farewell to their patrons—but this is no common occasion. The Performers of this establishment have for six years been as one family, and we are about to be separated. We are about to quit the spot which, for six years, has been the scene of your approving smiles and plaudits. We deeply regret it! I assure you, in the

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name of my professional brothers and sisters, that, however fortune may dispose of us, we shall never cease to remember, with pride and gratitude, the many, many happy hours we have passed in your presence. I now, Ladies and Gentlemen, conclude; and, in the name of the Proprietors and Performers, respectfully bid you farewell, and may God bless you!"

SURREY THEATRE.

April 4th.—The holiday treat at this theatre consisted of three new pieces, from the pen of Mr. C. DIBDIN, who has been chosen Stage Manager. The first was a kind of allegorical description of the plans, and introduction of the corps *dramatique*, of the new proprietor, and is entitled "*THE WHITE SURREY; or, Saddled for the Field,*" a phrase borrowed for the occasion from the play of "*Richard the Third,*" in which the crooked-backed tyrant exclaims—

"Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow."

In the production of Mr. C. DIBDIN, the *White Surrey* is a tavern, in which he introduces, for the "first time" to a London audience, a Mr FORD WHITE (we believe the name of the actor is not in any way associated with the name of the Drama); but to our mind a London audience would not materially suffer if the first were the last appearance of Mr. FORD WHITE, although he may have figured on the boards of the theatres royal Edinburgh, Norwich, and Bristol. His factotum, Mr. *Teddy O'Bryant*, performed his part with much greater effect, and sang a *raal* Irish song with considerable humour and spirit. This is also a first appearance at the Surrey, and promises to be a very successful one. The second piece was a melo-drama, founded on GEOFFRY CRAYON's tale of "*The Young Robber,*" and, in order

to suit the reigning taste for the terrific, is called "**MURDER AND MADNESS; or, the Traveller's Tale.**" This production is excellently written and perhaps equally well performed. The most prominent characters are of course the *Young Robber* and his love, sustained by the established favorites, **HUNTLEY** and **Mrs. W. CLIFFORD**. The concluding piece was a serious ballet pantomime, denominated "*Atala and Chactas*," and founded on the novel of **M. CHATEAUBRIAND**. In this, as in all pantomimic productions, there is much music and dancing, with very little else ; but the holiday audience was not very difficult to be pleased, and a piece possessing infinitely less merit would doubtless have given very general satisfaction.

The house has changed proprietors, and is now in the hands of a **Mr. HONEYMAN**, who keeps the adjoining tavern ; and who, from what we are given to understand, intends sparing no expense in order to make it deserving of public patronage—we sincerely wish him success.

COBOURG THEATRE.

We visited this theatre in the course of the Easter week to witness a new piece, entitled "**THE PRODIGAL SON ; or, the Rites of Memphis**" This melo-drama is from the pen of **Mr. M. H. MILNER**. and is of a "better leer" than most of his former productions, although it has one fault—that of being almost unintelligible to the generality of the visitors of this house ; who know no more of the "**Hierophants of Egypt**"—"the terrific **Simoon**"—"delightful **Oases of the parched deserts**"—or "**Osiris the God**"—than the "**babe unborn.**" Moreover, the piece is of a religious description. We have *Laban, Azael, Naphtali, Jephtha, Naboth*, and a host of other scripture names ; and, indeed, when we first cast our eyes upon the bill of fare, we were rather alarmed lest

Mr. MILNER should present us with a close representation of those inmodest representations which disgraced the stage (if we may so term it) of our forefathers, under the title of Mysteries and Moralities. Our modesty, however, was not shocked, by any want of sufficient clothing for the actors; although our sight was, by the terrible anachronisms, which were displayed in the costume, through the ignorance of the stage tailor, or the poverty of the manager's finances.

Azael, the Prodigal Son (COBHAM), instigated by the representations of *Azomath*, the High Priest of Osiris (H. KEMBLE), determines to leave his father's house and the delightful valley in which he has passed his youthful days, and "see the world." He demands his portion of his father, and under the guidance of *Azomath*, takes his departure for the city of Memphis, then the London of Egypt. Here the young uninitiated Hebrew becomes a prey to his violent passions—indulges in every species of dissipation and licentiousness—gambles—(by-the-way we may remark we never read of dice being the common amusement of the higher class of personages in those early times,) loses the whole of his property—and in consequence of having grossly insulted the *Memphians* at the period when they were holding the most solemn rites in honour of their God Osiris—gets ruffly handled—and kicked out of the city with the utmost indignity—with empty pockets—and scarcely a rag to cover his nakedness. His distressing journey home across the burning sands of the desert—his arrival at his father's house—his kind reception there, with the jealousy of his elder brother, who attempts his life, fills up the remainder of the tale; which concludes with what the bills term "a terrific earthquake" that swallows up the King of Egypt, his priests and army, who had come in a body to the house of his father to demand him as a sacrifice to the indignation of the gods in consequence of the insult he had formerly offered them.

Mr. COBHAM performed the character of *Azael* in a very chaste manner, and received much deserved ap-

plause. Mr. BENGOUGH as *Laban*, the father, and Mr. LEWIS as the jealous brother, were very respectable. Miss WATSON performed the little she had to do correctly, and LE CLERCQ, as a dumb boy, a sort of slave to *Azael*, exhibited all the activity and spirit necessary to the part. Of Mr. H. KEMBLE, we are sorry to be under the necessity of uttering unpleasant truths; but as his best friends we sincerely advise him to turn over "a new leaf," or else to quit the stage for ever. The last scene was entirely marred in consequence of the beastly state of intoxication he was in. The manager is deserving of the highest censure for suffering him to appear in the afterpiece—" *Sir Francis Drake and Iron Arm*"—in which he reeled about the stage and completely deranged the effect of the performance. We are aware that sobriety has not of late years been "one of the virtues for which he has been famed," but, the manager of a public place of entertainment, ought to be more sensible of the respect due to his audience, than to suffer a performer to appear before them in a state, by which, he is degraded below the level of a brute. Of the afterpiece we can give the reader no description, as we were so thoroughly disgusted at the figure the above gentleman cut, that we retired with the greater part of the audience before it was half concluded.—We sincerely trust, we shall never again have to witness such a degrading exhibition.

CHICHESTER.—Mr. KEAN performed the part of *Shylock* at this theatre on Saturday, April 15th. Notwithstanding the prices of the pit and boxes were advanced, the house was but thinly attended, not much exceeding £20. The manager came forward and stated it was Mr. KEAN's wish not to perform to so small an audience—but the house were of a contrary opinion: of course the play proceeded. On Monday he played *Richard* to a numerous audience.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WILMINGTON HOUSE,
JOHN STREET, SPA-FIELDS.

April 18th.—Private Theatricals are somewhat out of our line, and it was our intention never to admit any notice of those falsely termed “nurseries of genius”—Private Theatres—into our pages. We were, however, sore against our inclination, prevailed upon by a friend to pay the above neat little house a visit; and we were upon the whole agreeably disappointed, for the play (“*Othello*”) and farce (“*Lovers’ Quarrels*”) were exceedingly well got up—the scenery well painted—and the young gentlemen who assumed the characters, (with one or two exceptions), above the common run of those who “strut and fret their little hour” upon private boards.

In the first piece we particularly noted the *Iago* of Mr. J. PAUL, which was really excellently acted, and if he would get rid of a mincing habit of walking the boards, it would add still more greatly to the general effect of his performance. His scenes with *Othello*, when arousing the jealousy of the latter, and those with *Cassio*, were given with a strict adherence to the nature of the character, and the demoniacal grin of self-satisfaction at the success of his villanous plans, betrayed a knowledge of the art not usually to be met with on the boards of private theatres. Mr. BARRY’S *Othello* was of a respectable description, but he should “beget a patience” and “use all things mildly;” his acting when the “yellow-eyed monster” first worked upon his soul, deserved the loud applause it met with. Mr. HAMBLETON’S *Cassio* also deserves mention. He did not over-act the part—and his drunken scene was played with considerable humour and spirit. Mr. PARRY, who

took the part of *Roderigo*, should study his part—not the silk stockings which graced his legs—and by no means put a foot on the boards till he has done so; the audience we are certain did not entertain so favorable an opinion of him as he appeared to do himself. The other gentlemen sustained the minor characters, in most respects, correctly, and added to the effect of the performance. Of the ladies a few words will suffice. Miss ALLEN's *Desdemona* was but a tame performance; and Miss TEMPLETON was too tempestuous for *Emilia*—*Emilia* is not an adder-tongued virago.

In the afterpiece we have only to notice in terms of commendation two performers—a Mr. SYLVESTER, who took the part of *Sancho*, which he displayed in a very chaste and correct manner—and Miss ALLEN, as *Jacintha*—the latter infused considerable spirit and archness into the character—and therefore performed much more to our satisfaction than she did in the play. Of Mr. WALLACE's *Lopez* what shall we say? We are unwilling to say harsh things; but we by all means advise him to leave this “calling” for which he is not fit. Without a spark of humour, he bored us for some twenty minutes with an eternal grin upon his countenance—forgot his author—and for some other twenty minutes stopped the business of the stage by spouting forth his own ribaldry (which we have no doubt he thought “devilish witty”)—and at last having tired his auditors with his ridiculous foolery got hissed (we wish we could say *thrashed*) off the stage by the unanimous resolution of the spectators—good!

With the above exceptions the whole performances went off with considerable *éclat*, and we beg to return the gentlemen our hearty thanks for their exertions in catering for the evening's amusement we met with.

. The performances at the Haymarket Theatre, King's Theatre, and Astleys, (which want of room has compelled us to omit) will be noticed in the Supplement.

THE DRAMA.

SUPPLEMENT TO VOL. VII.

SHAKSPERIANA.

No. XVI.

For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen,
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild *Shakspeare* thine and nature's boast?

THOMSON.

1.—Name of SHAKSPEARE.

The following passage in "*Verstegan's Restitution*" I do not recollect to have seen quoted by any of the editors of SHAKSPEARE's works:—

"BREAKSPEAR, SHAKSPEAR, and the like, have been surnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feates of armes."

The date of VERSTEGAN's Epistle to the English Nation is as follows: "From Antwerpe this 7th Februarie, stilo nouo 1605." And as SHAKSPEARE must have been in high reputation at that time it may be presumed that in a book, professedly critical, some regard was paid to the true orthography of his name, and so considered as an authority for the rejected *e* in the middle of the name.

2.—SHAKSPEARE's *Seven Ages of Man*.

The ancient chroniclers classed or arranged the History

of the World into seven distinct portions which they termed "ages," and the life of man has been subjected to the same division. In a book containing the Customs of London and various other matters, historical, political, and economical, known among bibliopolists as the "*Customs of London and Arnold's Chronicle*," printed by PYNSON, are the "Seven ages of the World" and the "Seven ages of Man," the last of which, (extracted from the book itself) is, as follows:—

¶ The vii ages of man lyving in the worlde. The fyrst age is infancie, and lastyth from the byrth unto vii yere of age. The ii is chylldhood, and enduryth unto xv yere of age. The iii is adolescencye, and enduryth unto xxv yere of age. The v age is manhood, and enduryth unto l yere of age. The vi age is second infancie, and lasteth unto lxx yere of age. The vii age of a man is crepyll, and enduryth unto dethe."

3.—*A Cheviot Sportsman.*

IN SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY IV. Part I, there is the following passage—

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventures spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unstedfast footing of a spear."

A correspondent observes in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for January, 1810, that such an expedient was frequently resorted to by the Cheviot hunters when, during the ardour of the chase, (which they follow on foot and with long spears) their passage was obstructed by a mountain torrent; laying their spears across, they passed over by this perilous sort of bridge. "He adds, 'The hunters in '*Cymbeline*' who 'house in the rock,' follow the game on foot and strike with the spear. Spears, as well as javelins, were used by the foresters, especially in the wild-boar hunt, and the former were of great strength, and very long.'"

4.—HENRY the Fifth.

There is no character which SHAKSPEARE has drawn with so much fondness as that of HENRY the Fifth. As soon as the course of his historical plays permitted it, he takes it up, and dwells upon it *con amore*, while any possible opportunity of retaining it remains. In "*Richard the Second*," the spirited rake makes his first appearance under no very favorable circumstances; but as such do not exclude the hopes of better days. In "*Henry the Fourth*" (1st and 2nd parts), he appears in the different lights of the gay companion, the generous hero, and the wise king. In "*Henry the Fifth*," all the various feelings of a hero, a patriot king, are portrayed in him. In "*Henry the Sixth*," an eulogium is passed upon his memory, and even afterwards his name is employed with effect to bring back *Cade's* rebels to allegiance. It is an honor to the feelings and opinions of SHAKSPEARE that he so admired and loved this most astonishing character.

5.—Origin of the STUART family.

When MACBETH, the tyrant of Scotland, had caused BANQUO to be murdered, his son, FLEANCE, fled into Wales, and was kindly received by GRYFFYDH AP LLEWELLYN, in whose court he was entertained with the warmest affection. During this time he became enamoured of NERT, the daughter of that Prince, and violated the laws of honor and hospitality, by an illicit connexion with her, the consequence of which was, that she was delivered of a son, who was called WALTER. In revenge for so foul an offence, GRYFFYDH ordered FLEANCE to be put to death, and reduced his daughter to the lowest servile situation for having suffered herself to be dishonored by a stranger. As WALTER advanced in years, he became distinguished for his valour, and an elevated mind. An angry dispute having arisen between him and one of his companions, the circumstances of his birth were mentioned by his antagonist in terms of reproach, which so irritated the fiery spirit of WALTER, that he instantly killed him, and afraid of abiding the

consequences of the murder, he fled into Scotland. Upon his arrival in that kingdom, he insinuated himself among the English, who were in the train of Queen MARGARET, the sister of EDGAR ATHELING. There he soon acquired a general esteem, by his wisdom and good conduct; and his abilities unfolding, as they were employed in the public service, he was appointed Lord Steward of Scotland, and receiver of the revenues of the realm. From this office, he and his descendants took the surname of STUART, and from this root sprung the royal power of that name, and many other illustrious families of Scotland.—WARRINGTON'S "Wales."

6.—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

The fable of this play is taken from a novel, of which BOCCACE is the original author; in whose Decameron it may be seen at page 97 of the Giunti edition, reprinted at London. But it is more than probable that SHAKSPEARE read it in a book called "*The Palace of Pleasure*," which is a collection of novels translated from other authors, made by one WILLIAM PAINTER, and by him first published in the years 1565 and 1567, in two tomes, 4to. the novel now spoken of, the 38th of tome the first. This novel is a meagre translation, not, perhaps, immediately from BOCCACE, but from a French Translation from him, as the original is in every body's hands, it may there be seen that nothing is taken from it by SHAKSPEARE, but some leading incidents of the serious part of his play.

7.—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

This play, together with "*Coriolanus*," "*Julius Cæsar*," and some part of "*Timon of Athens*," are formed upon "*Plutarch's Lives*," in the articles—CORIOLANUS, BRUTUS, JULIUS CÆSAR, and ANTHONY: of which lives there is a French Translation of great fame, made by AMIOT, Bishop of Auxerre and great Almoner of France; which some few years after its

appearance, was put into an English dress by our countryman, Sir THOMAS NORTH, and published 1597, in folio. As the language of this translation is good, for the time; and the sentiments, which are PLUTARON's, breathe the genuine spirit of the historical personages; SHAKSPEARE has, with much judgment, introduced no small number of spectres into these plays, in the very words of that translator, turning them into verse; which he has so well wrought up, that, what he *has* introduced, cannot be discovered by any reader, till it is pointed out for him.

8.—*As You Like It.*

A novel, or rather pastoral romance, entitled "*Euphues's Golden Legacy*," written in a very fantastical style by Dr. THOMAS LODGE, and by him first published in the year 1590, in 4to, is the foundation of "*As You Like It*;" besides the fable, which is pretty exactly followed, the outlines of certain principal characters may be observed in the novel; and some expressions of the novelist, (few, indeed, and of no great moment,) seem to have taken possession of SHAKSPEARE's memory, and from thence crept into his play.

9.—*Juliet's Tomb.*

Every stranger who visits Verona, is sure to have his sympathy moved, and his curiosity excited, by what is called "*The Tomb of Juliet*;" and there is no man who has read SHAKSPEARE that will not hasten to the spot where it lies.

Contiguous to the church of San Francisco in Cittadella, where *Romeo* and *Juliet* were married, is a small garden formerly attached to the Franciscan monastery, but now in private hands. In the midst of it is an old sarcophagus, which from time immemorial has been shown as the tomb of *Juliet*. It is much mutilated, and has sunk considerably into the earth. It is exactly six feet long, and is just wide enough to hold two bodies.

The mutilation of the sides of this sarcophagus is said to have taken place when it was first removed from the church of St. Permo Maggiore, where it had lain for ages. It was then placed in a garden adjacent to the old monastery, which was accessible to the public, and every stranger who came broke off a piece of it to carry away with him. In consequence of this, the Podesta gave orders that it should be removed, for better security, to the place where it is now exhibited, and any person attempting to do it further injury, as a proof of his veneration, is liable to a severe penalty.

Mr. GALIFFE, in his "*Italy and its Inhabitants*," in describing the tomb of *Juliet*, says, "An English lady who had paid her devotions at this shrine some weeks before us, had taken it into her head to lay herself at full length in this tomb, like a monumental figure, with her hands piously crossed on her bosom."

10.—DOGBERRY.

The industrious AUBREY tells us, that SHAKSPEARE took the humour of the constable, *Dogberry*, in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," from an actual occurrence which happened at Crendon, in Bucks, during one of the poet's journies between Stratford and London, and that the constable was living at Crendon when AUBREY first went to Oxford, which was about the year 1642.

11.—*The Original Story of Hamlet.*

Hamlet was a prince celebrated in the annals of Denmark, whose name has been rendered familiar in this country, and his story interesting, by being the subject of one of the noblest tragedies of our immortal SHAKSPEARE.

Adjoining to a royal palace which stands about half a mile from that of Cronenburgh, in Elsinour, is a garden, which is called *Hamlet's Garden*, and is said by tradition, to be the very spot where the murder of his

father was perpetrated. The house is of modern date, and is situated at the foot of a sandy ridge near the sea. The garden occupies the side of the hill, and is laid out in terraces rising one above another. Elsinour is the scene of SHAKSPEARE'S "*Hamlet*;" and the original history from which our poet derived the principal incidents of his play, is founded upon facts, but so deeply buried in remote antiquity, that it is difficult to discriminate truth from fable. SAXO-GRAMMATICUS, who flourished in the twelfth century, is the earliest historian of Denmark that relates the adventures of *Hamlet*. His account is extracted, and much altered, by BELLEFOREST, a French author; an English translation of whose romance was published under the title of "*The History of Hamlet*;" and from this translation SHAKSPEARE formed the ground-work of his play, though with many alterations and additions. The following short sketch of *Hamlet's* history, as recorded in the Danish annals, will enable the reader to compare the original character with that delineated by SHAKSPEARE.

Long before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, HORWENDILLUS, prefect or king of Jutland, was married to GERUTHRA, or GERTRUDE, daughter of RURIC, king of Denmark, by whom he had a son called AMLETTUS, or HAMLET. FENGO murders his brother HORWENDILLUS, marries GERTRUDE, and ascends the throne.

HAMLET, to avoid his uncle's jealousy, counterfeits folly; and is represented as such an abhorrer of falsehood, that though he constantly frames the most evasive and absurd answers, yet artfully contrives never to deviate from truth. FENGO, suspecting the reality of his madness, endeavours by various methods, to discover the real state of his mind: amongst others, he departs from Elsinour, conceals a meeting between HAMLET and GERTRUDE, concluding that the former would not conceal his sentiments from his own mother, and orders a courtier to conceal himself, unknown to both, for the purpose of overhearing their conversation. The courtier repairs to the queen's apart-

ment, and hides himself under a heap of straw, which in those days were spread on floors as a luxury, as carpets are now. HAMLET, upon entering the cabinet, suspecting the presence of some spy, imitates, after his usual affectation of folly, the crow of a cock, and, shaking his arms like wings, jumps upon the heap of straw; till, feeling the courtier, he draws his sword, and instantly dispatches him. He then cuts the body to pieces, boils it, and gives it to the hogs. He then avows to his mother that he only personated a fool, reproaches her for her incestuous marriage with the murderer of her husband; and concludes his remonstrances by saying, "Instead, therefore, of condoling my insanity, deplore your own infamy, and learn to lament the deformity of your own mind." The queen is silent, but is recalled to virtue by these admonitions. FENGO returns to Elsinour, sends HAMLET to England under the care of two courtiers, and requests the king by a letter to put him to death. HAMLET discovers and alters the letter; so that upon their arrival in England, the king orders the two courtiers to immediate execution, and betrothed his daughter to HAMLET, who shewed many astonishing proofs of a most transcendant understanding. At the end of the year he returns to Denmark, and alarms the court by his unexpected appearance; as a report of his death has been spread, and preparations were making for his funeral.

Having re-assumed his affected insanity, he purposely wounds his fingers in drawing his sword, which the by-standers immediately fasten to the scabbard. He afterwards invites the principal nobles to an entertainment, makes them intoxicated, and in that state covers them with a large curtain, which he fastens to the ground with wooden pegs: he then sets fire to the palace; and the nobles, being enveloped in the curtain, perish in the flames. During this transaction he repairs to FENGO's apartments; and taking the sword which lay by the side of his bed, puts his own in its place: he instantly awakens, and HAMLET informs him, that he is come to revenge the death of his father. FENGO starts from his bed, seizes the sword, but, being unable to draw

It, falls by the hand of HAMLET. The next morning, when the populace were assembled to view the ruins of the palace, HAMLET summonses the remaining nobles; and, in a masterly speech, lays open the motives of his own conduct, proves his uncle to have been the assassin of his father, and concludes in the following words:—
“Tread upon the ashes of the monster, who, polluting the wife of his murdered brother, joined incest to parricide; and ruled over you with the most oppressive tyranny. Receive me as the minister of a just revenge, as one who felt for the sufferings of his father and his people. Consider me as the person who has purged the disgrace of his country; extinguished the infamy of his mother; freed you from the despotism of a monster, whose crimes, if he had lived, would have daily increased, and terminated in your destruction. Acknowledge my services; and if I have deserved it, present me with the crown. Behold in me the author of these advantages: no degenerate person, no parricide; but the rightful successor to the throne, and the pious avenger of a father's murder. I have rescued you from slavery, restored you to liberty, and re-established your glory: I have destroyed a tyrant, and triumphed over an assassin. The recompence is in your hands: you can estimate the value of my services, and in your virtue I rest my hopes of reward.” This speech had the desired effect—the greater part of the assembly shed tears, and all who were present, unanimously proclaimed him king amid repeated acclamations.

HAMLET soon after his elevation sails to England, and orders a shield to be made, on which the principal actions of his life were represented. The king received him with feigned demonstrations of joy, falsely assured him that his daughter was dead, and recommended him to repair to Scotland as his ambassador, and to pay his addresses to the queen HERMETRUDA. He gave this insidious advice, with the hopes that HAMLET might perish in the attempt; as the queen, who was remarkable for her chastity and cruelty, had such an aversion to all proposals of marriage, that not one of her suitors had escaped falling a sacrifice to her vengeance.

HAMLET, in opposition to all difficulties, performed the embassy; and, by the assistance of the shield, which inspired the lady with a favorable opinion of his wisdom and courage, obtained her in marriage, and returned with her to England. Informed by the princess to whom he had been betrothed, that her father mediated his assassination, **HAMLET** avoided his fate by wearing armour under his robe; put to death the king of England, and sailed to Denmark with his two wives, where he was soon afterwards killed in a combat with **VIGLETUS**, a son of **RURIC**.

HAMLET, adds the historian, was a prince, who, if his good fortune had been equal to his deserts, would have rivalled the gods in splendor, and in his actions would have exceeded even the labours of **HERCULES**.

12.—*The attempt to write upon SHAKSPEARE.*

The attempt to write upon **SHAKSPEARE** is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid dome, through the conveyance of a narrow and obscure entry. A glow of light suddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue first promised; and a thousand beauties of genius and character, like so many gaudy apartments, at once upon the eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the mind. The prospect is too wide to come within the compass of a single view; it is a gay confusion of pleasing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration—and they must be separated and eyed distinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

13.—**SHAKSPEARE's Historical Plays.**

"Some have supposed that *Shakspeare* was the first dramatic poet who introduced the species of drama denominated Histories: but this is an undoubted error."

MALONE.

Although **SHAKSPEARE** is found not to have been the

first who invented this species of drama, (viz. Histories) yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple inartificial tissue of scenes, such a blaze of genius, that his Histories maintain their ground in defiance of ARISTOTLE and all the critics of the classic school, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

* * * * *

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof that both SHAKESPEARE and his contemporaries considered his histories or historical plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from tragedy and comedy, a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms.—PERCY'S *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.



DRAMATIC NECROLOGY.

FOR 1824—5.

March 13.—At Clifton, Miss SOPHIA LEE, daughter of the late JOHN LEE, a performer at Covent Garden Theatre.

In conjunction with her younger sister she opened a school, called Belvidere House at Bath, soon after the death of her father, which they carried on with considerable reputation. Her first essay as an authoress was in 1782, when, under the auspices of the elder COLMAN, "*The Chapter of Accidents*" appeared at the Haymarket Theatre; a comedy, the merit of which is well known, and which had an advantage that merit does not always attain—of immediate and decided success. It was followed by "*The Recross*," the first

romance in the English language which blended history with fiction, and enriched both by pathos and descriptive scenery : such was its estimation as well as popularity, that the late Mr. TICKELL, to whom the author was at that time personally unknown, addressed a letter to her, in the name of that junto of distinguished characters, with whom he lived, to express the high sense entertained of its merit. It is to be remarked also that Mrs. RATCLIFFE (then Miss WARD), resident at Bath, and acquainted in Miss LEE's family, though too young to have appeared as a writer, was among her warmest admirers of "*The Recess*." She afterwards at intervals took up her pen and published a ballad called "*The Hermit's Tale*," "*The Life of a Lover*," a novel, and the tragedy of "*Almeyda, Queen of Grenada*," in which Mrs. SIDDONS displayed her exquisite talents : and lastly, in conjunction with her sister HARRIETT, "*The Canterbury Tales*." She was also the author of a comedy called "*Assignment*," acted at Drury Lane Theatre in 1807 ; but from some unfortunate personal applications, wholly unforeseen by the writer, it was condemned on the first representation, and never published. No work of hers ever appeared anonymously, but as has happened with other writers of the day, her name was prefixed to a novel she never saw, and which was too contemptible to allow of her giving it notoriety by entering either a literary or legal protest against it. The unqualified esteem of all to whom she was personally known, the affection of her family, and the respect of the public, softened her last hours, and will long render her memory esteemed.

May 6.—At Milan, Madame MORANDI. This singer filled, with distinction, important parts at the Italian Opera, as well at the Odeon, as at the Louvois. Her funeral was rather remarkable by the concourse of national as well as foreign artists (then at Milan) who attended. Madame BELLOE, Madame FESTA, Madame LORENZANI, and Madame SCHERA were the pallbearers.

May 22.—In London, JOSEPH KEMP, Mus. D. He was brother to JAMES KEMP, Esq. author of "*Northan-*

lay," a descriptive poem, and was some years ago organist at the Cathedral of Bristol; but in 1814 resided in London, where he gave lectures on music at some of the literary institutions. He published "*The Jubilee*," a vocal patriotic entertainment, 8vo. 1809; and "*The Siege of Isca*" (or Exeter), an historical-operatic melodrama, 8vo. 1810. "*The Jubilee*" was acted at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 25th October, 1809, by permission, to commemorate the entrance of the King on the 50th year of his reign. The music by the author and D. CORRI. "*The Siege of Isca, or the Battles of the West*" was acted at the New Theatre, (late the King's Ancient Concert Rooms) Tottenham Street.

May —At Edinburgh, Mr. HENRY CUMMINS formerly prompter at the Theatres Royal York and Edinburgh, and son of the late Mr. CUMMINS of the Theatres Royal Hull and York.

June 9.—Of an apoplectic fit, at his house in Drury Lane, aged about 40, Mr. OXBERRY, an actor of well-known talents as a comedian (Vide vol I. page 157) He had some time ago been visited by two attacks of the same kind, but his health appeared to be quite restored. In his private character, he more resembled the actors of former days than the present. Not that Mr. O. was exactly of vicious habits, but keeping himself a wine vaults, he was too much addicted to that kind of companionship that delights in the tavern; and which shortened the life of a very shrewd, pleasant, good-humoured man. He has left a distressed widow and family. Mr. O. also followed his business as a printer, and from his press have issued some excellent editions of the drama and various other theatrical works. His printing office had been removed from White Hart Yard, Drury Lane, to Camberwell, and at the latter place he had been only a day before his death to inspect its operations.

June 18.—At Hull, after a long illness, aged 36, Mr. THOMAS CATTERICH WILLIS, artist, of the excellence of whose professional abilities the Theatres Royal of York and Hull, to which he had been many years principal scene painter, exhibit numerous proofs. He was

highly esteemed in private life as a man of great integrity and of mild inoffensive manners.

June. —At Blackheath, the Rev. J. J. CONYBEARE, M. A. He is entitled to notice in our *Necrology*, on account of his having transmitted to the Society of Antiquaries in 1814, for exhibition to its members, a copy of an early English work, "entitled *A Hundred Merrie Tales*," and printed by RASTELL, but without a date, in small folio; 22 leaves pp. 44. He had found this work converted into pasteboard and forming the covers of an old book: as it had previously been known only from the casual mention of its title by SHAKESPEARE, its discovery excited much interest among the students of the literature which the history and explanation of his works has created. In 1815 "*The Hundred Merrie Tales*" were reprinted for a select literary circle, and dedicated to Mr. CONYBEARE, by S. W. SINGER, Esq. a gentleman well known for his attachment to literature.

August. —At her lodgings in Southgate Street, Southampton, at an advanced age, Mrs. COLLINS, widow of the late Mr. COLLINS, comedian and joint proprietor of the Portsmouth; Winchester, and Southampton Theatres.

September. —At Naples, in the 91st year of his age, the composer TRITTO, well known as the author of a great number of works in sacred music, and a friend of PASSIELLO, CIMAROSA, and GUGLIANI.

October 22.—At Wansford, of apoplexy, Mr. MANSELL, the well known manager of the York, Hull, and Doncaster Theatres. He was on his way to London to visit his sister, when he was suddenly taken ill and died the next morning.

Oct. —At Petersburg, aged 67 years, M. STEIBELT. This composer was a native of Berlin, and was born in 1758. Early in life he manifested very decided talents for music and was placed under the celebrated KANNBERGER by the then king of Prussia; with this master he perfected himself in the study of music. He subsequently visited Paris, London, and Petersburg. While he resided at the former city he wrote a ballet called

"*Le Retour de Zephyr*," and an opera, "*La Princess de Babylone*," both of which were successful, and for the Theatre Feydeau he wrote "*Romeo et Juliette*." In the year 1797 he was in London and performed at the concerts under the direction of SALOMON. On the 20th January, 1805, he produced his ballet called "*La Belle a Laitière, ou Blanche Reine*," and it was allowed to possess considerable merit. STEIBELT finally visited Petersburg, where he continued to reside until the period of his death, receiving that encouragement and notice his merit deserved.

Oct. —At Bergamo, of apoplexy, Signor VIGANONI, one of the principal singers at the opera. He was the principal tenor at the King's Theatre for many years just previous to the close of the last century. His voice was not considerable in volume, but his taste and execution were polished and beautiful. He enjoyed much respect both as an actor, and teacher of singing.

Oct. 30.—At Dublin, after a protracted illness, the Rev. R. C. MATURIN, M. A. Curate of St. Peters in that City.

There is always a degree of interest attached to the memory of one who has been distinguished in the world, who has gained a portion of that fame,

"Without which whoso'er consumes his days,
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave."

The premature death of Mr. MATURIN has been a source of deep regret, not only to those whose personal intimacy enabled them to know and estimate his excellencies, but to all who grieve when they are reminded that genius is not exempt from the common lot of mortality, and that the greatest and brightest must, like the meanest, go down to death.

Perhaps there have not been many whose lives have been more remarkably illustrative of the line of the poet—"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"—than the gifted individual whose death we are lamenting. The eccentricities of Mr. MATURIN formed a continued sub-

ject of speculation to some, and of merriment to others. "Great errors," said a learned writer, "are often connected with elevated sentiments; but to understand this, we must ourselves possess greatness of soul." Consequently the peculiarities of the man of genius were not unfrequently set down as the effects of folly, affectation, or indiscretion.

Mr. MATURIN was singular in his dress, and had generally the appearance of a confirmed sloven or professed fop. One day his habiliments were in the extreme of fashion—every garment was arranged with the nicest care—a speck on his cravat, or the disorder of a shoe-tye, would have given him real torture; at another time there was a strange contrast in his outward man. He then wore a brown coat (somewhat between a frock and a surtout), that had served him long, if it had not well; a large rent, that he would never have repaired, remained near its extremity; his pantaloons were thread-bare, and his gaiters had never their full complement of buttons; his shoes appeared as if unblackened for months, and his shoe-strings invariably dragged in the mud; his hat was old and rusty; and, to complete the picture, his linen was as though the hand of the laundress had never touched it.

Many characteristic anecdotes are related of him. Once, when his wife had lain-in, a friend sent to inquire after the health of the family, Mr. MATURIN opened the door and received the message.—"Tell him who sent you," was his reply, "that the angel mother is doing well; the cherub babe is gone to heaven, and poor MATURIN is as well as can be expected." He was a complete devotee to dancing, and in the frequent habit of giving parties, by day, shutting his windows, lighting his candles, and indulging with his friends in his favorite amusement till night. I once passed an evening with him, at the house of a famous *bas bleu* of the Irish metropolis. MOORE, Lady MORGAN, SHIEL, and many other ornaments of the country were of the party. All eye and ear, I was enjoying "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," when Mr. MATURIN accosted me with "Why do you not dance?" "I do not know the quad-

riles," I replied. "Not know the quadrilles," said he, and he appeared as much astonished as if I had said I could not read: "then what do you live for?" On every occasion he carried this *penchant* to an extraordinary extent.

As a clergyman, Mr. MATURIN did not appear to have fallen—

"Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

I have heard him more than once regret that his clerical duties were not in unison with his taste. He certainly was not "at home" in his profession, and would, in all probability, have died a curate if his years had been "threescore and ten." His air and manner, in the reading desk, and pulpit, were too *degagé*, and did not suit the character of a Christian Minister. Yet there was always something impressive about him—something which clearly shewed he was no common man. He read the church service in a most perfect manner, and his sermons were beautifully written, and well delivered. They were always, however, tinged with those peculiarities that distinguish his other compositions. His reasoning was incovertible and his language invariably calculated to subdue the heart and to demand attention. His six controversial sermons, preached during the Lent of 1824, have been printed and are now before the public. They show the author to be a profound scholar and an acute reasoner. Never, since Dean KIRWAN's time, were such crowds attracted to the parish church, as during the delivery of these sermons; neither rain nor storm could subdue the anxiety of all classes and all persuasions to hear them; and did he leave no other monument whereon to rest his fame, these sermons alone would be sufficient.

In private life Mr. MATURIN was most exemplary—a faithful husband, an affectionate father, a warm friend—and an intimacy with him never left a blush upon the cheek, a stain on the character, or a wound on the heart. In this respect, at all events, his example strengthened his precepts. To the poor he was ever a benevolent, if he could not be a beneficent friend—and beside

the sick bed, he was always the Minister of Christ. Those who enjoyed his society, valued it for the information and pleasure they derived from it—and that brilliancy, but wildness of imagination, so conspicuous in his writings, shone equally in his conversation. He was remarkably free from that irritability so common to authors, and was always the first to encourage in literary youth, those

“Longings divine, and aspirations high,”

that lead to noble feelings and to great acts.

It is an old tale, and there is no necessity for again telling it—that of genius struggling with pecuniary difficulties, and enduring those numberless disappointments that “sink the heart of man.” Such, however, was the fate of MATURIN, and a melancholy picture might be drawn of the mental sufferings of him, whose unceasing labours could not give to his home those comforts which he felt it wanted. When the world hears of the death of an individual, it knows little of the cares and the sorrows that may have pressed him down to the grave,—and the physician is often called upon to administer to the body, when the mind only is diseased. The possession of a curacy, pitiful as it was, was a certainty that Mr. MATURIN dared not relinquish, to try his fortune in the world, and he frequently regretted his inability to visit the British metropolis, where he knew that talent and industry are never without their reward. The scriptural adage, that “a prophet hath no honor in his own country,” is indeed verified in Ireland. Her living worthies are little noticed by her; and it is a fact, as true as it is lamentable, that the productions of an Irish author are the works for which, in Ireland, there is the least sale. The same coldness and neglect have been manifested towards the memory of those of whom the nation has been proud. The dust of her worthies has generally mingled with a distant soil; the bones of GOLDSMITH, of SHERIDAN, of GRATTAN, of CURRAN, rest not in their native land; and there exists but little in it to remind the stranger that Ireland gave them birth, or to excite emulation in the bosoms

of her rising generation. A plain marble slab marks the grave of SWIFT,—and, except a bust in the College library, there is not a single tribute to his memory.

The first production that brought Mr. MATURIN into notice, was his tragedy of "*Beitram*;" and which perhaps has not been succeeded by a drama so eminently and deservedly successful. But his plays, as well as his novels, somewhat resemble an unshackled steed—wild and unstrained, yet beautiful in itself, and graceful in its motions. His language was fine and forcible, and the power of his imagination wonderful. He was altogether the creature of fancy; it formed his element—but with nature he had no intimacy. He never designed characters as they were, or as they ought to be—they were all of his own creation; but, although abounding in faults, there was always an interest about them, which few others could have given to personages so unnatural or repulsive. They evince wonderful powers of imagination, while the beauty of his language stands unrivalled. Indeed we have seen it observed by some of the reviewers, that there was no writer of the present day who had a greater range of thought, or a greater command of language than this reverend gentleman.

The immediate cause of Mr. M.'s death was, we are given to understand, his having taken a lotion containing a large quantity of laudanum in mistake for medicine intended for the stomach.

It is said that Sir WALTER SCOTT, in a letter of condolence to the widow, has gratuitously offered his editorial services in bringing before the public some of her late husband's unpublished manuscripts.

Nov. 9.—Suddenly at his lodgings in Barrett's Court, Edward Street, Portman Square, WILLIAM HAWKINS. This personage was well known in the parishes of St. George and Marylabone by the name of "*Harlequin Billy*." In his youth he was apprenticed to the celebrated ASTLEY, in whose service he received a severe kick in the head from a horse, from the effects of which he never completely recovered. A plate was placed in his head from which time he has gained a livelihood by selling band-boxes about the streets of the west-end of

the town. An inquest sat upon the body and brought in their verdict—"Died by the Visitation of God."

Nov. 27.—Of a typhus fever, at Dublin, (whither he had gone to superintend the *débat* of his pupil, Miss GOWARD,) Mr. HENRY SMART.

Mr. SMART began his musical education under Mr. CRAMER, and played in the early part of his life in the Orchestras of the Opera, Haymarket Theatre, and at the Ancient Concert. At the opening of the English Opera House he was engaged as leader, and continued in that capacity for several years. When the present Drury Lane opened, Mr. SMART was also retained as its leader; and, we believe, it was his peculiar pride to have formed that orchestra entirely of English artists; and in such estimation did they hold his character, that on his retirement in 1821, the Orchestra presented him with a silver cup, as a mark of their gratitude and his merits. Mr. SMART was leader at the Oratorios, at which he had assisted since they were under the conduct of his brother, Sir GEORGE SMART, which began in 1813. In 1820, Mr. SMART entered into a manufactory for piano fortes, and, but a very short period since, had obtained a patent for an important improvement in the touch of these instruments. He was distinguished by great urbanity of manners. In his nature he was kind, generous, and humane. He always evinced an ardent love for his art, and on all occasions, private feeling gave way to public interests in its exercise.

Dec. 13.—In the 83rd year of his age, at Bath, Mr. FRANCIS BLISSET, comedian, many years one of the most popular actors at the theatre in that city.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Mr. BLISSET, accompanied by the late highly esteemed Mr. DIMOND, made his first appearance at Bath, and from that time to the termination of his professional career, his talents and respectability secured to him the actor's best reward—the favor of the public. In 1778, he made his *début* before a London audience at the Haymarket Theatre, and acted there several summers under the management of the elder COLMAN. After a lapse of twenty-five years, he again essayed his fortune in the metropolis.

and was very favorably received; but being then more than 60 years of age, the bustle of London ill accorded with his habits, and he returned to his friends and patrons, whose kindness followed him till his retirement from public life about ten or twelve years since. Old age and infirmity of late made him a recluse, but a small circle of ancient friends survive, who regarded him living, and regret him dead.

1825. Jan. 1.—Suddenly at his lodgings in Wild Court, Drury Lane, aged 76, the veteran of the stage, **RALPH WEWITZER**. When the boy who attended him came with his breakfast, he was leaning on his hand quite dead, and from the calmness of his countenance, it may be hoped that he expired without pain. For some years past he has suffered the infirmities generally attendant on such a period of life. He was in circumstances of peculiar distress, and at the time of his decease had scarcely a bed to lie on. He died indebted to his landlady £14, the payment of which she never urged during his illness; but after his death, hearing that he had relations, she determined on having her money or at least the value of it. A handsome coffin was provided, it is understood, by the performers of Drury Lane Theatre, in which his remains were deposited and every arrangement made for the funeral, when the landlady made her demand and a man was placed in possession. Information was forwarded to one of **WEWITZER**'s relations in Finsbury Square, and ultimately the body was taken from the coffin, and conveyed in a shell to that neighbourhood for interment, which ceremony was performed on the 8th, the coffin and furniture remaining at the lodgings. The deceased was confined to his bed for the last nine months unable to move.

Mr. W. was born in London, of Swiss parents, where he was brought up as a jeweller, which business he exchanged at an early period for the vicissitudes of an actor's life. Having obtained some experience in his new profession he made his *débüt* at Covent Garden Theatre as *Ralph*, in "*The Maid of the Mill*," which character he sustained for the benefit of his sister, who, about the year 1785, was held in some estimation both

as an actress and singer. It may be observed as something singular that his Christian name happened to be the same as that allotted to his character in this piece, WEWITZER's exertions were crowned with success, and indicated so much promise of utility in his profession that he was engaged by the house, where he soon distinguished himself as a comedian by his whimsical, but just representation of Jews and Frenchmen. He next repaired to Dublin for a short time, under the management of RYDER, and on his return resumed his situation at Covent Garden Theatre, where he remained till the year 1789, when unfortunately he was induced to undertake the management of the Royalty Theatre. On the failure of that concern he became a member of the Drury Lane Company, with which he continued to perform, with the exception of some few seasons, till the close of his theatrical career. He played at the Haymarket Theatre for several summer seasons; was the original Jew, in "*The Young Quaker*," and by his performance of it contributed much to the success of the piece. He was considered as the inventor of these pantomimes—" *The Gnome*," acted at the Haymarket Theatre in 1788, but never printed, and "*The Magic Cavern*," 8vo. 1785. He was also the author of "*The Royal Pedigree of His Majesty GEORGE III. from EGBERT*," 8vo. 1812. "*School for Wits, a New Jest Book*," 12mo. 1814; and "*The Dramatic Chronology*," a very useful book for reference. The labours of his profession while he was able to continue on the stage, and his infirmities after he left it, prevented him affording his literary talents due cultivation. He had no indifferent share of companionable qualities; for at one time, by happy turns and a cordial vein of humour, he managed to keep the table in a roar. In his latter years he was an annuitant on the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.

Jan. 25.—In Aungier Street, Dublin, aged 88 years, Mr. PATRICK BARRETT, the father of the Irish Stage, upon which he had been engaged as a performer of low comedy upwards of half a century! He was of an active, bustling, talkative disposition; and although

never remarkable for abstemiousness, he enjoyed excellent health until a few days before his final dissolution. Extremely fond of walking he was constantly seen in the streets of the city going to one acquaintance or another to beguile the time in recounting the often-told anecdote or antiquated jest. There was hardly a player of the last century of whom he had not some knowledge. He often said that JOHN KEMBLE at the commencement of his theatrical career paid him for lessons in acting. By a peculiar system of economy he saved a sum that enabled him to live independent, which he left as a provision for the maintenance and education of his two grand-daughters.

Feb. — Sir JAMES BLAND LAMB, Bart. who, when known by the name of BURGESS, distinguished himself in politics and literature. He produced the play of "*Riches, or the Wife and Brother*," founded on MASSINGER's "*City Madam*," which was acted at the Lyceum Theatre by the Drury Lane Company, and published in 8vo. 1810. To him has also been ascribed the comic opera of "*Tricks upon Travellers*," never printed.

March 26.—After a long and painful illness W. T. RODWELL, Esq. proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre. It is supposed that the anxiety and fatigue he endured in arranging for representation the melo-drama of "*Valmond*," brought on the complaint which ended in his death.

April 24.—Mr. JAMES WILLIAM BRANDON, aged 24, after a severe and painful illness. He was son of the veteran BRANDON who passed 55 years of his life in the service of Covent Garden Theatre.

May 1.—In the 72nd year of his age, WILLIAM TAYLOR, Esq. principal proprietor and manager for many years of the King's Theatre.



 ANECDOTES OF ANCIENT ACTORS.

 No. III.

1.—*Greek Actors.*

It is certain that no woman ever acted upon the Grecian stage. From PLUTARCH's Life of PHOCION we learn that in his time (about three hundred and eighteen years before the Christian era,) the performance of a tragedy at Athens was interrupted by one of the actors, who was to personate a *queen*, refusing to come on the stage because he had not a suitable mask and dress, and a train of attendants richly habited; and DEMOSTHENES in one of his orations mentions THEODORUS and ARISTODEMUS as having often represented the *Antigone* of SOPHOCLES. AULUS GELLIUS has preserved the following curious and interesting anecdote:—

A very celebrated actor, whose name was POLUS, was appointed to perform the part of *Electra*, in SOPHOCLE's play, who, in the progress of the drama, appears with an urn in her hand containing, as she supposes, the ashes of ORESTES. The actor having some time before been deprived by death of a beloved son, to indulge his grief as it should seem, procured the urn which contained the ashes of his child to be brought from his tomb, which affected him so much, that when he appeared with it in the scene, he embraced it with unfeigned sorrow and burst into tears.

 2.—*Roman Actor.*

FUSIUS PHOCÆUS being to perform the part of *Hione*, the wife of *Polymnestor*, in a tragedy written either by ACCIUS or PACUVIUS, and being in the course of the play to be awakened out of sleep by the cries of the shade of *Polydorus*, got so intoxicated that he fell into a real and profound sleep, from which no noise could rouse him.

3.—*Mysteries.*

The most ancient as well as the most complete of this species of entertainment is, "The Chester Mysteries," which were written by RALPH HIGDEN, a monk of the Abbey of Chester, about the year 1328.—The following is extracted from WARTON'S "History of English Poetry":—"Exhibited at Chester in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city, '*The Fall of Lucifer*,' by the Tanners; '*The Creaton*,' by the Drapers; '*The Deluge*,' by the Dyers; '*Abraham, Melchisedeck, and Lot*,' by the Barbers; '*Moses, Balak, and Balaam*,' by the Coppers; '*The Salutation and Nativity*,' by the Wrightes; '*The Shepherds Feeding their Flocks by Night*,' by the Painters and Glaziers; '*The Three Kings*,' by the Vintners; '*The Oblation of the Three Kings*,' by the Mercers; '*The Killing of the Innocents*,' by the Goldsmiths; '*The Purification*,' by the Blacksmiths; '*The Temptation*,' by the Butchers; '*The Last Supper*,' by the Bakers; '*The Blind Man*' and '*Lazarus*,' by the Glovers; '*Jesus and the Lepers*,' by the Corvesarys; '*Christ's Passion*,' by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers; '*The Descent into Hell*,' by the Cooks and Innkeepers; '*The Resurrection*,' by the Skinners; '*The Ascension*,' by the Tailors; '*The Election of Matthias*,' '*Sending of the Holy Ghost*,' &c. by the Fishmongers; '*Antichrist*,' by the Clothiers; '*Day of Judgment*,' by the Websters." The reader will perhaps smile at some of these combinations. This is the substance and order of the former part of the play: God enters creating the world: he breathes life into *Adam*, leads him into Paradise, and opens his side while sleeping. *Adam* and *Eve* appear naked and not ashamed; and the old *Serpent* enters lamenting his fall—He converses with *Eve*—She eats of the forbidden fruit and gives part to *Adam*—They propose, according to the stage directions, to make themselves *subligacula a foliis quibus tegamus pudenda*, cover their nakedness with leaves, and converse with God—God's curse—The *Serpent* exit hissing—They are driven from Paradise by

Four Angels and the *Cherubim* with a flaming sword—*Adam* appears digging the ground, and *Eve* spinning—Their children, *Cain* and *Abel*, enter; the former kills his brother—*Adam's* lamentation—*Cain* is banished,* &c. Mr. WARTON again says:—"In a play of *The Old and New Testament*, *Adam* and *Eve* are both exhibited on the stage naked and conversing about their nakedness; this very pertinently introduces the next scene, in which they have coverings of fig-leaves. This extraordinary spectacle was beheld by a numerous assemblage of both sexes with great composure: they had the authority of scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of *Genesis*. It would have been absolute heresy to have departed from the sacred text in personating the primitive appearance of our first parents, whom the spectators so nearly resembled in simplicity, and if even this had not been the case, the dramatists were ignorant what to reject and what to retain.

4.—STOWE records that when King EDWARD IV. would show himself in state to the view of the people, he repaired to his palace at St. JOHN's, where he was accustomed to see the *City Actors*.

5.—HENRY the Seventh's Players.

In two books in the Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer, containing an account of the daily expenses of King HENRY VII., are the following articles, from which it appears that at that time players both French and

* These representations were so far from being considered either as indecent or profane, that even a supreme pontiff, Pope PIUS II., about the year 1416, composed and caused to be acted before him, on Corpus Christi Day, a Mystery, in which was represented *The Court of the King of Heaven*.

English made a part of the appendages of the court, and were supported by regal establishment.

"Item, to HAMPTON of Worcester, for making of balades, 20s. Item, to my ladie the king's moder's poet 66s. 8d. Item, to a Welsh rymer, in reward, 13s. 4d. Item, to my Lord Privie-Seal's fole, in rew., 10s. Item, to PACHYE, the fole, for a rew., 6s. 8d. Item, to the foolish Duke of Lancaster 3s. Item, to DIX, the fole's master for a months' wages 10s. Item, to the King of France's fole, in rew., £4. Item, to the *Frenshe players*, in rew., 20s. Item, to the tumbler upon the ropes, 20s. Item, for heling of a seke maid, 6s. 8d. (Probably the piece of gold given by the king in touching for the evil.) Item, to my lord prince's organ player, for a quarter's wages at Michell. 10s. Item, to the *players of London*, in rew., 10s. Item, to Master BARNARD, the blinde poete, 100s. Item, to a man and woman for strawberries 8s. 4d. Item, to a woman for a red rose 2s." The foregoing extracts are from a book of which almost every page is signed by the king's own hand, in the thirteenth year of his reign. The following are taken from a book which contains an account of expenses in the ninth year of his reign. "Item to CART, for writing of a boke, 6s. 8d. Item, payd for two *playes* in the hall 26s. 8d. Item, to the *King's players*, for a reward, 100s. Item, to the King to play at cardes 100s. Item, lost to my lord MORGING at buttes 6s. 8d. Item, to HARRY PYNING, the King's godson, in reward, 20s. Item, to the *players that begged by the way* 6s. 8d."*

* Itinerant companies of actors are probably coeval with the first rise of the English stage. In 1556, the fourth year of Queen MARY, a remonstrance was issued from the Privy Council to the Lord President of the North, stating, "that certain lewd persons, naming themselves servants of Sir FRANCIS LAKE, and wearing his livery and badge on their sleeves, have wandered about these north parts, and representing certain plays and interludes reflecting on the Queen and her consort and the formalities of the mass."—*Stripe's Memorials*, Vol. 3. Appen. 3.

This account ascertains that there was then not only a regular company of players in London, but also a royal company. The intimate knowledge of the French language and manners which HENRY must have acquired during his long sojourn in foreign courts (from 1471 to 1485), accounts for the article relative to the company of French Players.

EDGAR DARLINGTON.

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MR. DRAMA,

*The following interesting morceau appeared in the London Magazine, and conceiving that it might prove a valuable gem in your little dramatic casket, I have forwarded it to you for insertion therein.*

Yours, &c.

T. W.

—

## HENRY VI. AND SHAKSPEARE.

—

*"Shakspeare's excellence is not the fiction of a tale, but the representation of life."*

DR. JOHNSON.

—

Having accidentally met with some verses of our ancient kings, which although curious as such, and moreover of intrinsic beauty, are not sufficient either in quantity or merit, to refute our opinion as to the humble pretensions of earth's rulers towards the sovereignty of one poor turf in the domains of Parnassus. A single flower, and that almost hidden in the obscurest angle of those realms, owns itself the property of King HENRY VI.; it is emblematic of the temper and condition of its royal master :—

" Kingdoms are but cares ;  
 State is devoid of stay ;  
 Riches are ready snares,  
 And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy (game),  
Which vice doth still provoke;  
Pomp, unprompt; and fame, a flame;  
Power, a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rocke  
Out of his slimy mud,  
Shall mire himself and hardly 'scape  
The swelling of the flood."

The pious and contemplative disposition of this monarch, well betrays itself in these verses; they are not inelegant, and were written probably about forty years after the time of CHAUCER. The author of such unambitious sentiments might well be supposed to utter those congenial lines which the poet has given him:—

" O God! methinks it were a happy life  
To be no better than a homely swain " &c.

It is more than probable, that the poet had not seen his royal brother's verses, yet how admirably has he hit off the same melancholy and philosophic strain, which it appears HENRY himself had indulged.

We beg leave to subjoin here two sentences written by the same HENRY, and preserved by one who had taken him prisoner in the wars of York and Lancaster:—

Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly:  
This meriteth mercy, when causeless is suffered sorrow.  
Nought else is war but fury and madness,  
Wherein is not advice but rashness;  
Not right but rage, ruleth and reigneth.

These breathe the same mild and amiable spirit; they confirm that character which their author has received from history: more of the saint than the soldier—less of the prince than of the philosopher.

## ANCIENT THEATRICAL BILL.

### MR. DRAMA,

Having fallen in with what appears to me a very curious theatrical bill, I have used the freedom of forwarding a copy of it to you, hoping that it may not be altogether unacceptable. It seems to form a striking contrast to its kindred of the present day. It is related in these words:—

At a play acted in 1511, on the feast of St. MARGARET, the following disbursements were made as the expense of the exhibition:—

|                                                                                   | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| To Musicians, for which, however, they<br>were bound to perform three nights..... | 0 | 5  | 6  |
| For Players in bread and ale .....                                                | 0 | 3  | 1  |
| For decorations, dresses, and play-books....                                      | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| To JOHN HOBARD, priest and author of the<br>piece .....                           | 0 | 2  | 8  |
| For the place in which the representation was<br>held .....                       | 0 | 1  | 0  |
| For furniture. ....                                                               | 0 | 1  | 4  |
| For fish and bread .....                                                          | 0 | 0  | 4  |
| For painting three phantoms and devils.....                                       | 0 | 0  | 6  |
| And for four chickens for the hero.....                                           | 0 | 0  | 4  |

Edinburgh, 20th Sept. 1824.

J. S.

## THE HOOK'D NOSE ROMAN.

### MR. DRAMA,

*I hope you will insert the following article in the most conspicuous part of your Magazine; for it is no less than "a full and true account," ("more than one erudite dissertation authenticating the family likeness") of the antiquity of the pedigree of the celebrated tragedian Mr. Punch.*

*Pullicinella, whom we familiarly call Punch, may*

receive, like other personages of no greater importance—all his dignity from antiquity; one of his *Roman* ancestors having appeared to an antiquary's visionary eye in a bronze statue:—the nose long, prominent, and hooked; the staring goggle eyes; the hump at his back and at his breast; in a word all the character which so strongly marks the *Punch* race, as distinctly as whole dynasties have been featured by the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose. The genealogy of the whole family is confirmed by the general term, which includes them all: for our *Zany*, in Italian *Zanni*, comes direct from *Sannio*, a buffoon; and a passage in *CICERO*, "*De Oratore*," paints *Harlequin* and his brother (*Punch*) gesticulators after the life; the perpetual trembling of their limbs, their ludicrous and flexible gestures, and all the mimicry of their faces." *Quid enim potest tam ridiculum quam SANNIO esse? Qui ore, vultu, imitandis motibus, voce, denique corpore ridetur ipso*," Lib. II. Sect 51. "For what has more of the ludicrous than *SANNIO*? who, with his mouth, his face imitating every motion, with his voice, and indeed, with all his body, provokes laughter." The statue, which is imagined to have thrown so much light on the genealogy of *Punch*, was discovered in 1727, and is engraved in *FIGORONIS*' work on "*Le Maschere sceniche e le figure comiche d'antichi Romani*," p. 48. It is that of a mimic called *Maecus* by the Romans; the name indicates a simpleton. But the origin of the more modern name has occasioned a little difference, whether it is derived from the nose or its squeak. The learned *QUADRIO* would draw the name *Pullicinello* from *Pulliceno*, which *SPARTIANUS* uses for *il piello gallinaceo*, (I suppose this to be the turkey-cock) because *Punch*'s hooked nose resembles its beak. But *BARETTI* in his "*Tolondron*" gives a derivation admirably descriptive of the peculiar squeaking nasal sound. He says, "*Punchinello*, or *Punch*, as you well know, speaks with a squeaking voice that seems to come out at his nose, because the fellow who in a puppet-show manages the puppet called *Punchinello*, or *Punch*, as the English folks abbreviate it, speaks with a tin whistle in his mouth, which makes him emit

that comical kind of voice. But the English word *Punchinello*, is in Italian *Pulcinella*, which means a *hen-chicken*. Chicken's voices are *squeaking* and *nasal*; and they are *timid* and *powerless*, for this reason my whimsical countryman has given the name of *Pulcinella*, or *hen-chicken*, to that *comic character*, to convey the idea of a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose, to express a timid and weak fellow, who is always thrashed by the other actors, and always boasts of victory after they are gone."

I regret extremely that it is not in my power, MR. DRAMA, to throw any light upon the genealogy of the illustrious heroine *Mrs. Judy Punch*—perhaps one of your numerous learned readers, "well skilled in antiquarian subjects," will be kind enough to favor us.

T. W.

## CHARACTER OF TALMA.

M. TALMA, the principal tragedian of the French Theatre, is as amiable in his personal character as his histrionic talents are at this moment unequalled; he was the personal friend of BONAPARTE, and one of the few who dared to speak openly to that ruler, and by his candour and good conduct he was continued notwithstanding the liberality of his political opinions, to secure the friendship of the leading members of the present dynasty. The house and purse of M. TALMA have ever been open to distressed talent, and the most fortunate of the literature and the theatrical world, among whom we reckon Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, were happy to cultivate his acquaintance. But M. TALMA has a claim to the good will of Englishmen which all their respect and attentions cannot discharge. The monument erected in the South of France, at the expense of more than 20,000 francs, to the memory of the daughter of our immortal YOUNG, was the work of TALMA. There is something romantic and affecting about the history of

this young lady's death. She was a Protestant, and the abominable bigotry of the Roman Catholic Priesthood denied to her corpse interment in consecrated ground. Under these circumstances, the author of the "*Night Thoughts*" dug a grave for his beloved child in his garden and buried her with his own hands. This affecting scene has been perpetuated by a well-executed print, published in Paris, and the erection of a monument by TALMA will transmit a useful lesson to posterity. It is gratifying to state, that this act has met with the approbation of every reflecting and well-meaning man in France.

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### TO MISS M. TREE.

MR. DRAMA,

*I beg leave to transmit you the following lines to Miss M. TREE, by a young friend. They appear tolerable, and you may probably deem them worthy of insertion in your entertaining little Magazine.*

*I am, Yours, &c.*

H. L. D. M.

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ORPHEUS, 'tis said, could charm the list'ning trees,  
 Bid stones have life, and fix the wand'ring breeze—  
 But now, O wonder, a melodious TREE  
 So far excelleth *him*, in minstrelsy  
 That could our ancient ORPHEUS rise, and hear  
 Her tuneful accents falling on the ear,  
 With hate and envy at the enchanting strain  
 He straight would melt, and be a shade again.

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

Of all the pleasures which imagination is capable of receiving, none are so captivating as those which arise from witnessing an excellent dramatic representation. It includes all that is interesting, instructive, amusing, and affecting; it combines the rich colourings of painting, the grace of action, and the harmony of verse, with the splendor of decorations, the beauty of scenery, and the enchanting allurements of fiction and romance.—C.

### DRURY LANE THEATRE.

#### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

April 28.—Winter's Tale—Abon Hassan.

29.—Fatal Dowry—Rossignol—My Uncle Gabriel.

30.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

May 2.—Ibid—Simpson and Co. [By Command of His Majesty.]

3.—Wild Oats—Harlequin and Talking Bird.

4.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

5.—Guy Mannering—Rossignol—My Uncle Gabriel.

6.—Virginus—Abon Hassan.

7.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—Liar.

9.—Jane Shore—Abon Hassan—Pantomime.

10.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

11—WILLIAM TELL [1st. time.]—Sleeping Draught.

This historical play is from the gifted pen of Mr. KNOWLES, the author of "*Virginus*," "*Caius Gracchus*," &c. The story of TELL is so familiar to every reader, that a very brief sketch of Mr. KNOWLES's version of it is all that can be required of us.

The scene of the play is laid in and around the town of Altorf, where the Austrian Governor, *Gesler* (ARCHER), tyrannizes over the Swiss till they are goaded on to league against him. *Tell* is the leader of a few chosen ones, who have agreed to assemble on the hills, and way-lay the tyrant. The play opens with a scene before the Castle of Altorf, into which a guard of Austrian



soldiers take a number of Swiss prisoners. *Tell* at this moment enters, and finds *Michael* (WALLACK), a merry mercurial Swiss peasant, soliloquizing on the words of his father, who had just told him to become serious, and go take *Gesler's* Castle as a feat worthy of him. *Tell*, pointing at the guard, exclaims to *Michael*—"How like you that!" whose reply conveys an idea that *Michael* no less than *Tell* was a hater of tyrants, but they part without farther parley. The second scene introduces *Tell* solus amidst the rocky and romantic scenery of his beautiful country, where he addresses a prayer to God to crown him and his compatriots' efforts to regain the liberty of his native land with success. His friends then arrive, and their plot is arranged for taking the life of *Gesler* on the hills while he is hunting. The next scene of this act is occupied with some small talk between two ladies—*Anneli* (Miss POVEY), and *Agnes* (Mrs. YATES), the theme of which is love. The second act opens with a well-executed scene, representing to us *Tell's* cottage on the mountain. *Emma*, the wife of *Tell* (Mrs. BUNN), is observed contemplating and apostrophizing the scenery around her, and pathetically lamenting the enslaved condition of her country. Her son (Miss CLARA FISHER) enters, and receives from her some very good advice about being grateful and contented; to which the boy (saving the misnomer) replies, that, "I may lack content, and yet be good." A trial of *Albert's* skill at shooting at the target is now made, and during his efforts to strike the mark, *Tell* himself enters, and perceiving his son to miss, he gives him some good counsel in archery. "You said one day, that if you were a man, you would not let *Gesler* live: now look at that mark—that's *Gesler*; now for liberty!—right to the tyrant's heart!" and he hits it. "Well done!" *Tell* now informs his wife of the plot to take the life of the tyrant indeed; and in some very good language, almost amounting to poetry, encourages her to prepare for the worst. The boy is sent by his father to the mountains, to bear his dagger to his band of friends, which was to be the signal of attack. The father of one of those friends having been seized by

the Austrians for attempting to defend his son, his eyes are put out. In this plight he comes before *Tell*, at the sight of which the patriot shudders; but rousing up his courage, determines on instant revenge. Meanwhile *Tell's* son proceeds to the mountains, and there he finds *Gesler*, separated from his guards, and lying exhausted on the ground. The boy rouses him and offers to become his guide. *Gesler* demands his father's name; but the lad refuses to reveal it. When arrived at the Castle of Altorf, *Gesler* again requires the name of the boy's father, but the latter persists in his silence, and after various ineffectual attempts to make him comply, *Gesler* orders him to be confined. The tyrant, foreboding that while such men as the father of this boy lived on the mountains, his life was not safe, gives orders that his cap should be hoisted on a pole in the market-place, to which every one was to bow, in token of submission to the Governor. With this mandate *Michael*, the peasant, refuses compliance—the Seneschal orders the soldiers to seize him; but *Tell*, who had witnessed the scene, rushes forward and disarms the Seneschal, strikes down the poll, and tramples on the symbols, as he terms it, of tyranny. The guard rallies and seizes *Tell*, who is taken before *Gesler*. This scene, which is one of the finest in the play, affords Mr. MACREADY an opportunity to display his powers in an eminent degree, an opportunity which he does not let pass him. *Gesler* demands of *Tell* what and who he is, and learning that he has a son, it strikes the tyrant that the lad who is in his power is that son, and he accordingly orders him to be brought forth. *Albert* (true to the noble spirit of his father, as we dare say the author meant it, but somewhat too sage and forethoughted for a boy,) resolves not to own his father. *Gesler* then orders *Tell* to be taken into the Court, and there let the headsman do his office: this is to try the boy, who was observed to start at the hard decree, but he soon resumed his courage. *Tell* then craves leave to address the boy, which he does in a strain of the truest pathos, telling him, "You know me not, but I have a son much like yourself, and should you regain your freedom, tell him how I blessed him,"—

and so on. *Gesler* failing in his object of betraying the father, it is suggested by the Seneschal that the boy should also be beheaded; this is commanded, and then the father's feelings can no longer be suppressed. The name of *Tell* being now made known, *Gesler*, in the wantonness of his tyrannical will, gives him and his son life, upon condition that *Tell* shall shoot an apple placed on his son's head. The deed is done, and *Tell* and his son are liberated; but the secreted arrow falling from his bosom, causes *Gesler* to ask why it was there: "To shoot thee, tyrant, had I killed my boy!" *Tell* is again put in chains, and the fourth act ends. *Tell* escapes—is pursued—kills *Gesler* with an arrow—the Castle of Altorf is taken, and "his country is free."

The underplot is mere common-place about love, and which, for the sake of the main story, we could wish, if possible to be expunged, at all events considerably curtailed in its dialogue. We see no necessity for *Jag-helli*, who is an insipid lover, and nothing more.

It is obvious that here are materials for a good acting play, and we must in justice say that the author has done much with them, although, perhaps, an ore diversified cast of character might have been given, when we consider how extended is the field which the subject of the piece affords. Tyrants, slaves, and freemen, with all the various passions that actuate these most opposite and discordant characters, were within the scope of the author's plot, and yet we have only two other characters, besides that of *Tell*, which our minds can at all fix on, and those are delineated in a very minature-like manner. *Gesler*, the tyrant, is a coward, and acts cruelly; *Michael* is a light, cheerful peasant, and, when time serves, acts like a true patriot. Although the sentiments of *Tell* and his wife are good, yet they are as old as the subject of them. Liberty is a theme that of all others leaves the imagination of the poet almost hopeless of a new idea. In every age and in every clime, liberty has been the favorite subject of genius, till nothing new can be said about it.

Mr. MACREADY showed, throughout the part, the justest conception of his charcter, and performed it in

a manner equal to that conception, and worthy of his high histrionic fame. The scene where he tramples on the cap of *Gesler*, and that one which we have already mentioned, where he appears in chains before him, were, in our judgment, two of the best in the play. The full gush of a patriot's heart, panting for liberty, was shown in the one, and all the emotions of a parent about to be torn from his child, for loving freedom and detesting tyranny, were portrayed in the other. The struggling commotions arising from the consciousness of his being, as he thought, about to suffer for such a cause, with the lingering wish of nature to live and cherish his wife and child, were most painfully wrought up by this excellent actor. He was warmly applauded throughout. We had no conception that WALLACK (who was always our favourite) could cast off the gloom and solemnity of tragedy, and with a light heart and a lighter heel frisk through such a character as *Michael*. He was particularly good ; and his cheerful chat and smiling face were in true keeping with the unsophisticated honesty of a Swiss peasant, such as he was before his country had felt the overreaching power of NAPOLEON. Mrs. BUNN had but little to do, and with somewhat less of a "drawl" (as a gentleman who sat behind us called it), she would have done that little well. The character, though dealing in heroics, was not so tragical as to need the solemn emphasis and minute-lasting pause with which some of her speeches were given. As to Mr. ARCHER's *Gesler*, we dare say it was quite becoming in a tyrant to be full of fearful apprehensions himself, and to be particularly disagreeable to all about him. We know not that it is at all desirable that the character of an Austrian despot should be rendered amusing ; so that Mr. ARCHER may still continue the same awful enunciation and pomposity of voice with which he offended us. There was a little music scattered throughout the piece, but of no particular merit. When the curtain fell the applause was loud and long continued from all parts of a very crowded house.

12.—Der Freischütz—Abon Hassan.

13.—William Tell—My Uncle Gabriel.

14.—Der Freischütz—Rossignol—Monsieur Tonson.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

April 28.—Orestes in Argos—*PRECIOSA; or, the Spanish Gipsy* [1st time].

This afterpiece met with so decided a condemnation that is scarcely worth our while even to bestow a line upon it. The cause of the result did not lie in any defect in the getting up of the piece, or in the performance of it—for the scenery was beautiful, the dresses elegant, and the acting (where the performers *could act*) excellent; but in the nature of the plot, which has many weak points, and also in the paucity of songs, considering that WEBER's name was united with the piece and that such a syren as Miss PATON sustained the chief character, for in fact only one song was sung by her which was pretty. The plot was not an original one, as it was merely ROWLEY and MIDDLETON's play of the "*Spanish Gipsy*" revived, with a few trifling alterations. The audience shewed displeasure at the end of the first act; they however heard it patiently till its conclusion, and then unequivocally damned it.

29.—Inconstant—Lofty Projects—Aladdin.

30.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—Charles II.

May 2.—Orestes in Argos—Harlequin and Dragon of Wantly.

3.—Belles Stratagem—Barber of Seville.

4.—Orestes in Argos—Lofty Projects—Poachers.

5.—A Woman never Vext—Ibid—Cent per Cent.

6.—Belles Stratagem—Ibid—Aladdin.

7.—A Roland for an Oliver—Clari—Charles II.

9.—Macbeth—Pantomime.

10.—Iron Chest—Blue Devils—Padlock. (Benefit of Mr. YOUNG.)

11.—Der Freischütz—Aladdin.

12.—Belles Stratagem—Barber of Seville.

13.—Every Man in his Humour—Lofty Projects—Padlock.

14.—Iron Chest—Lofty Projects—Animal Magnetism.

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### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

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April 18.—Merry Wives of Windsor—LOVE AND MADNESS [1st time.]—Agreeable Surprise.

In consequence of the ungenerous conduct of the Managers of the *Patent* Theatres towards the Proprietor of this house, that gentleman has determined to enter the lists against them and open his theatre two months earlier than any other period. He has procured a company equal if not superior to either of his rivals, and we are happy to state that his attempt has been crowned with decided success.

The season commenced this evening with the above performances, DOWTON sustaining *Falstaff* with all that rich comic humour for which he is so celebrated. Mr. T. RUSSELL, who made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy at Covent Garden a few weeks since, has returned to his old quarters and again embraced the comic muse—he enacted *Master Slender* with humorous effect. Madame VESTRIS and Mrs. T. HILL, as the "*Merry Wives*" acted and sang delightfully. Miss GEORGE, who made her *débüt* at the close of last season, appeared as *Anne Page*. She has a pleasing voice and sings with considerable taste, yet has much to attain before she can efficiently support leading vocal characters. A new ballet of very humble pretensions succeeded the comedy. In the afterpiece Mr. T. RUSSELL played *Lingo*; it was a performance which although not equal to LISTON's, nevertheless places Mr. R. at no considerable distance from his great compeer. The character of *Cowslip* introduced to us Mrs. HUMBY of the Dublin Theatre. From the reports we had heard we were led to expect abilities of a very high order, and we confess we were not disappointed. Mrs. H. is an extremely fine woman. Her countenance is beautiful and expressive—her voice is clear and agreeable, and there is an archness and

humour in her tones and looks peculiarly interesting. Though she seemed not altogether relieved from that incompleteness of self-possession almost inseparable from a first appearance, she is manifestly a great acquisition to the London stage, and possesses sufficient original powers to render her highly popular in a department of the drama that has not been pre-occupied by any candidate of whose competition she may be apprehensive.

19.—Simpson and Co.—Heir at Law.

A Mr. S. BENNETT (we believe from Plymouth) made his first appearance as *Peter Simpson*. We cannot conceive what induced this gentleman to undertake so arduous a character, and one which TERRY has made so completely his own. Mr. B. gave a very poor representation of the part, and was but coldly received. Mrs. DAVISON (whom we are happy to find the managers have retained) went through *Mrs. Bromley* in a fine and spirited manner. In the last piece Mr. BENNETT appeared as *Dr. Pangloss*, another injudicious selection, some points were given with much humour, but upon the whole it was a very inferior performance. Mrs. HUMBY'S *Cicely Homespun* was excellent, and received great and well-merited applause. *Caroline* was played by a Mrs. BURN in a manner which induces us to think she has greater talent than the character gave her opportunity of displaying. DOWTON'S *Lord Duberly* was irresistible. VINING gave an admirable representation of the volatile *Dick Dowlar*. Mrs. C. JONES was a very good *Deborah*. The house was well attended.

20.—Fortune's Frolic—Beggar's Opera—Agreeable Surprise.

20.—Every one has his fault—Love and Madness—Weathercock.

Mr. FARREN, another importation from Dublin, appeared this evening as *Sir Robert Ramble*. To adequately support this character requires abilities of a very peculiar order; it is not the mere flow of spirits which will enable the actor to sustain it—he must also combine a refined and correct judgment, with an elegant and gentlemanly deportment, or he can never exhibit the feeble baronet in a right point of view. C. KEMBLE is the only person on the stage who can play the part

well, but since he has resigned it, we know no one who is more capable of filling it than Mr. FARREN. Mr. CLARKSON, another candidate, was the *Captain Irevin*. *Solus* was finely and fully embodied by DOWTON. WILLIAMS played *Harmony* in a skillful manner. Mrs. GLOVER displayed some good acting as *Lady Elinor*. Mrs. W. CLIFFORD's *Mrs. Placid* was highly meritorious. Mrs. BURN gave great effect to the short but interesting character of *Miss Woburn*. In the farce, Mr. FARREN played *Tristram Pickle* with genuine comic humour—he is undoubtedly a great acquisition to the London stage. Mrs. HUMBY was also most successful in her performance of *Variella*.

22.—Lovers' Quarrels—Marriage of Figaro—A Roland for an Oliver.

23.—School for Scandal—Love and Madness—Agreeable Surprise.

25.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Intrigue—Simpson and Co.

26.—Hypocrite—Agreeable Surprise—Tom Thumb.

27.—Turn Out—Beggar's Opera—Youth, Love, and Folly.

This little piece was played for the first time at this house for the purpose of introducing Mrs. HUMBY as *Arinette*, or the little jockey. The piece, as many of our readers know, contains a good deal of pointed equivoque and pleasing music, which, by the way, was but indifferently executed. However the bustle of Mr. VINING, as *Florimond*, and the quaintness of WILKINSON's *Antoine*, rendered this musical entertainment a great favorite.

28.—Belle's Stratagem—Intrigue—Tom Thumb.

29.—Lord of the Manor—Youth, Love, and Folly—Three Weeks after Marriage.

30.—Fortune's Frolic—Love in a Village—Youth, Love, and Folly.

May 2.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Love and Madness—Ibid.

3.—Lovers' Quarrels—TRIBULATION; or *Unwelcome Visitors* [1st time].—She Stoops to Conquer.

Mr. POOLE, the author of that excellent comedy, "*Simpson and Co.*" is the translator (for we think we



recollect seeing it in France) of the present little piece. It has less merit than the former piece, as the dilemmas are less clearly developed and by no means of so humorous a description.—The plot of this piece is as follows:—

*Mr. Durrington*, a Bristol merchant, having retired from trade, and finding time hang heavy on his hands, comes to London to pass away the time and get himself made a Knight or Commissioner, as the fates and his wife should determine. Now though the latter thought *Lady Durrington* an exceedingly genteel appellation, yet as it had pleased the former that *Mr. D's* Christian name should happen to be *Jeremiah*, and that savored too much of the ludicrous to harmonize well with the knightly dignity, it is determined their names shall be *Mr. and Mrs. Commissioner D*. This point being arranged, and matters put in a train for its completion, the Commissioner in *posse* feels strongly disposed "to make a night of it," and is taken by *Forrester* to the house of *Mrs. Dashmore*, a fashionable demirep, celebrated for high play and good suppers. In the meantime *Mrs. D.*, taking advantage of her husband's absence, is introduced at the same house, without being aware of its character. There she becomes a witness of *Durrington's* flirtations with a certain *Widow Ogle*, and she herself is in turn addressed by *Sir George Faddle*, who is exerting himself to the utmost to make the husband a Commissioner. The husband very good-naturedly volunteers his advice to the Baronet on the conduct of the amour, unconscious that his own wife is concerned, who is finally relieved from the gallant *Sir George* by her cousin *Forrester*, who carries her off in safety. The next morning, what the author facetiously terms the tribulation of the affair, commences with the successive and unwelcome visits of *Sir George and Mrs. Dashmore*, and the humor of the piece consists in the cross purposes and embarrassments which ensue from the mutual endeavours of *Mr. and Mrs. D.* to conceal from one another the part which each has been acting on the preceding evening. After a good deal of confusion *Mr. D.* is made a commissioner, and the piece terminates with a satisfactory explanation.

This piece, which is too short to be tedious, and admirably acted throughout, was most favorably received.

## ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

April 4th.—A new piece was as usual brought out at this amphitheatre, for the benefit of the Easter holiday folks, and which appears likely to meet with the same success that attended the "*Battle of Waterloo*" last season. It was called "*BONAPARTE'S INVASION OF RUSSIA ; or, the Conflagration of Moscow*," a name which sufficiently indicates the nature of the plot, or rather incidents—for plot there was none—of the piece. Mr. SMITH looked a very good *Alexander*, and would no doubt have acted and spoken very well had any thing been given him to say. The character of *Napoleon* was hit with great felicity, and does credit to the author, nor is less due to Mr. GOMERSAL for his happy personation of it. We do not hesitate to say, that there were parts of his performance which many who consider themselves first-rates might not be ashamed to acknowledge as theirs. Mrs. WEST, as *Catherine*, and Mrs. POPE, as *Rhudina*, need only be seen to be properly estimated. We cannot forbear expressing the pleasure we felt in Mrs. SANDER's *Victorine*. *Marshals Ney*, *Oudinot*, and a score of others, were very respectably performed. The same may be said of *Generals Shomalo*ff, *Flouchkoff*, and enough of other *offs*, to fill more space than we can spare. With regard to scenery and dramatic effect, this piece is very well got up ; the last scenes of the first and third acts we have seldom seen excelled. The "*Scenes in the Circle*" were every thing that could be expected from the known reputation of the *manège* department. Master COLLETT's performance might be shortened with advantage. The equestrian cavalcade, representing the four quarters of the world, was a fine exhibition of the docility of the noble animals. Mr. WILKINSON's grace and agility were truly surprising, but were far surpassed by the feats of horsemanship performed by Monsieur DUCROW, which we recommend all who are fond of such sights to go and see.—The house was crowded to excess, and will be so, no doubt, during the whole run of these pieces.

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### List of Embellishments.

Vignette Title representing the Exterior of Drury Lane Theatre.

### PORTRAITS OF

|                                                        |                              |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Mr. SINCLAIR, as Don Carlos.                           | Mr. YATES, as Count Carmine. |
| Mr. INCLEDON, as he appeared when singing the "Storm." | Miss FOOTE, as Maria.        |
|                                                        | Mrs. YATES, as Violante.     |
|                                                        | Miss PARROCK, as Election.   |
| Miss GRADDON, as Linda.                                |                              |



